

CORONET

JANUARY

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Beginning with this issue

Mad Mission to Berlin

*A Streamlined Novel by
Oscar Schlesinger*



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Streamlined Novel

Mad Mission to Berlin: First of four parts

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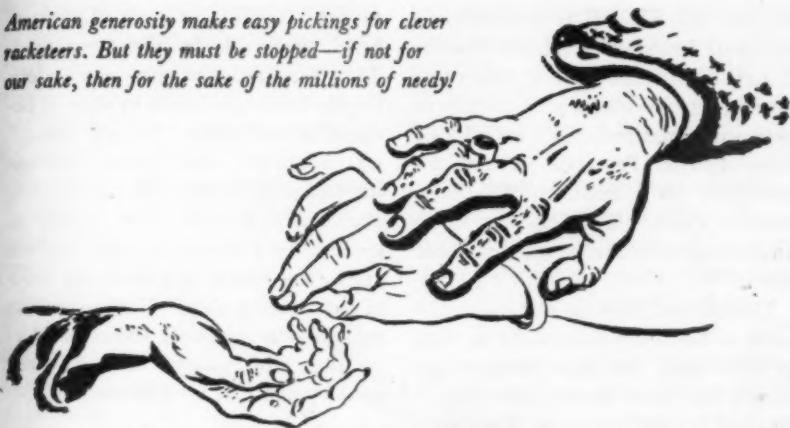
Cover Girl

One hundred and ten pounds, judiciously distributed over 5 feet, 8 inches of girl, contrive to make Susann Shaw a perennial vision of the public prints. Her perfect complexion derives from her own pet formula—which she will gladly divulge to anyone interested enough to drop her a card, care of Coronet. Chosen “most beautiful professional model” by the 1941 convention of editors and publishers, she herself likes to shoot candid shots in her spare time with her husband—musical arranger William Foster. Harold Lisk posed and photographed Miss Shaw for Coronet.

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American generosity makes easy pickings for clever racketeers. But they must be stopped—if not for our sake, then for the sake of the millions of needy!



The War Charities Racket

by FRANK W. BROCK

TRADITIONALLY the most generous people on earth, Americans last year made charitable donations expected to total between \$600,000,000 and \$700,000,000.

This year we will give more, for never before has the country been bombarded with so many urgent appeals from so many different organizations. More than 700 groups are raising funds or procuring goods for relief in war-torn nations abroad. Many others are trying to aid the defense effort at home.

With these hundreds of millions of dollars literally free for the asking—with all of us unusually susceptible to war-charity pleas—it is little wonder that hordes of chiselers, "promoters" and all manner of light-fingered, light-footed gentry are swarming into the lucrative business of raising funds.

Some of these fast-moving, smooth-talking folk claim to be sponsored by the Red Cross, the British War Relief Society, the United China Relief, Bundles for Britain or the USO—none of which employ door-to-door canvassers or make solicitations by telephone. Other chiselers invent their own charities, christen them with high-sounding names, then launch high-powered campaigns to enrich themselves at the expense of the public.

Reports from Better Business Bureaus throughout the country show that the war charity swindlers are operating nationally, and that their techniques take many forms.

Sailing under false colors—they said they were backed by the American Legion, Veterans of Foreign Wars and the United American Veterans—Promoters R. Royal Hortex and Frank J.

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Francis took \$70,000, it is charged in warrants issued in Roxbury District Court, from unsuspecting citizens of Boston, in an elaborate scheme to produce a patriotic film called *God Bless America*. Proceeds were to go ostensibly to a fictitious "National Defense Fund." The film was to be an amateur production, utilizing local talent.

Horter and Francis not only sold parts in *God Bless America* for as high as \$300 each, the court proceedings allege, but also assessed the players for coaching and costumes. They were even given blocks of tickets to unload on their friends. Some 20,000 tickets were sold before the police learned of the fraud. Horter and Francis left town in time and have not been apprehended—but the pair will probably show up in another city and try the same trick again.

FROM THE opposite end of the country, the Better Business Bureau of Portland, Oregon, sends warning of a mysterious "Captain Johnson," who claims to be master of a large vessel which is always on the point of sailing to Norway to pick up refugees. Persons of Norwegian descent are approached by solicitors who silently hand them letters signed by the Captain, then immediately disappear. The letters speak of an "urgent need for food and supplies" aboard the "mercy ship," which "can carry more than 3,000 passengers."

Only the lack of a few hundred dollars is holding up the voyage, and contributors are asked to send money

to the Captain, in care of a local hotel, preferably by registered mail. They are cautioned against mentioning the letter's contents to anyone because of nefarious "foreign agents" who might get wind of the undertaking and sink the ship. Needless to say, Portland authorities were unable to locate the Captain at the address given, nor could they find any trace of the "mercy ship." But before the swindle was exposed, scores of Norwegians who wanted to help their countrymen had been victimized.

WAR-CHARITY chiselers have found the going easy and the pickings rich, because the public has the mistaken impression that all charities must register with the U. S. State Department.

Actually, the law prescribes registration only for agencies engaged in raising money for war relief in *belligerent countries*. Thus, all domestic activities are exempt from supervision, and anyone is free to start an organization for relief in Mexico, Sweden, or any other non-belligerent country.

Under the law, salaries and general overhead of registered foreign-relief groups cannot exceed 30 per cent of the total funds collected. A number of organizations have lost their State Department licenses because their expenses ran far beyond the allowable percentage.

For example, the War Relief Association of American Youth, Inc. spent 98 per cent of its collections on overhead and had nothing to spare for its avowed purpose of sending air-raid shelter equipment to England.

And when the State Department suspended the license of the United Fund for Refugee Children, Inc., because of high administrative costs, the Fund's promoters did not go out of business.

Instead, they merely declared that henceforth they would solicit for the benefit of refugee children *in the United States*, thereby escaping the law.

A few months ago, President Roosevelt appointed Joseph E. Davies to head a committee to survey the situation and make recommendations.

The report was issued in October and the committee has tabulated data received in answer to questionnaires sent to more than six hundred registered organizations. The findings show that the great majority are thoroughly honest and that most are efficiently managed. Overhead costs for the large, established relief societies are much lower than the legal percentage, and the admirable Greek War Relief reports that its expenses come to only four per cent of receipts.

However, the Davies Committee also found a wasteful duplication of effort inevitable when there are so many independent agencies. For example, there are at present some forty organizations devoted to aid for Britain. There are ten committees for the resettlement of English children, nine

war relief societies, five gift-distributing groups, five which raise funds to purchase ambulances, four movements to promote Anglo-American friendship, six social and benevolent clubs, and so on.

As a remedy, the Davies Committee proposed the creation of a government body which would coordinate the multitude of charity drives, eliminating superfluous ones.



IT IS VERY common for amateur money-raisers to turn over the management of entertainments or dinners to professional promoters—usually with disastrous results. In New York,

the American Fund For British War Aid had a sad experience with a promoter who took charge of a benefit dinner. He was paid a flat fee of \$350 for handling the details, and other "expenses" added to this left a net balance of only \$20.79 out of a gross of \$2,300.

Names of prominent citizens appearing on letterheads as "directors" or members of "advisory" committees are no guarantee of the honesty or efficiency of a charity. It is a simple matter to print up stationery with a list of important names running down the left hand margin, as "Prince Alexis Orleff" did in New York a short time ago.

The "Prince," who was strictly phoney, announced that these good

folk were sponsoring his "fashion show and war relief cocktail party" at a fashionable hotel. His next step was to make the rounds of the smart Fifth Avenue shops, hawking advertising space in the "program" for the occasion. In his eagerness, the "Prince" offered space at such low rates that an advertising manager became suspicious, and had him arrested.

IN THIS CASE, the sponsors had no knowledge that their names were being used, but all too often well-known men and women will authorize some obscure new organization to list them as members or directors without any investigation. The real promoters stay in the background, almost never appearing as officers, especially if their purposes are shady.

Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt is one who is prone to give her endorsement to various individuals and movements without always realizing that her generosity may be exploited by unscrupulous persons.

Last year she sponsored the American Rescue Ship Mission, a project of the United Spanish Aid Committee to evacuate refugees from Spain. Greatly benefited by the power of the Roosevelt name, the Ship Mission raised over \$37,000, but spent more than \$25,000 of this on publicity campaigns and administrative expenses, and therefore lost its State Department license. Mrs. Roosevelt then withdrew, and later it was discovered that the carefully hidden manipulators were all Communists.

The Better Business Bureau of San

Antonio, Texas, has reported that a letter from Mrs. Roosevelt figured in an elaborate "national defense" fraud which has been practised successfully in various western cities by one James K. Fulton and his wife, who operates professionally under the title "Colonel" Harriet Virginia.

A few months ago, Mr. and Mrs. Fulton arrived in San Antonio and started organizing a "Woman's Motor Corps." "Colonel" Virginia paid a visit to the Better Business Bureau and displayed her credentials—a letter from Mrs. Roosevelt, and endorsements from many solid citizens, including the Adjutant General of Texas and General H. J. Brees, retired Commander of the Eighth Corps Area.

"Colonel" Virginia explained that she wanted to organize San Antonio women for national defense, and teach them truck-driving, ambulance-driving, motor repair, radio transmission and kindred subjects. She had no desire to profit from this endeavor, and the women were not required to pay dues. All they had to do was to purchase the official Woman's Motor Corps Uniform at cost—\$10 per uniform.

The details of this scheme sounded fishy to the Better Business Bureau, which began an investigation. It turned out that while "Colonel" Virginia was organizing, her silent husband had placed an order with a local manufacturer for uniforms at \$5 apiece. It also developed that a warrant was out for the lady in Tacoma, Washington, where she had been selling uniforms at 100 per cent

profit to women who enrolled in her "patriotic" National Service League.

The Fultons left San Antonio with at least \$700 profit, but the community turned the fraud into a worthwhile venture. The Woman's Motor Corps now functions in San Antonio as a non-profit institution, with volunteer instructors teaching women to do the useful things which "Colonel" Virginia never imagined they'd do.

But few of the swindles being perpetrated have a happy ending for anyone except the promoters. Money given carelessly to further dishonest schemes is a double evil.

In the first place, it enriches the chiselers and deprives legitimate charities of much-needed support. Second, when a fraud is exposed it causes the public to become suspicious of all charities, and makes future fund-raising efforts more difficult. Therefore it is not only a matter of self-protection but a positive civic duty to make certain that donations go only to worthy causes.

The Better Business Bureau urges that would-be givers consult the Bureau before contributing to unknown charities. If it is an established venture, information will be on file, and

will be immediately available. If there is no record of the charity, the Bureau will investigate.

The fraudulent charities invariably have imposing names, but they also have certain earmarks which make spotting easier. High-powered door-to-door solicitors who want immediate cash are not employed by reputable agencies. Telephone solicitations usually emanate from a swindler's "boiler room," and the Better Business Bureau offers this slogan—"If it's a telephone appeal, it's almost always a racket."

Mail appeals accompanied by packets of matches or merchandise sent on a "remit or return" basis should be disregarded. Chain letter schemes of every description are illegal, no matter whether the letter boosts the sale of defense stamps, or whether it claims that "the fate of several nations depends on this chain."

It is not always safe to depend on local control of charity solicitations despite the excellent laws and ordinances effective in some municipalities which more or less stymie the itinerants who flit from city to city.

Remember, before a cheater can be caught, someone must be cheated.



Safe

SOME YEARS AGO a brash young lady remarked to an up-and-coming English statesman who was trying to grow a mustache, "Mr. Churchill, I like your mustache as little as your politics."

"Don't worry," replied the now Prime Minister, "you are not likely to come in contact with either." —JULIAN JOHNSON

A battleship is an armored city—the most invulnerable vessel built by man. Yet it can die in two minutes or win at staggering cost



Citadels Afloat

by MICHAEL EVANS

SEVERAL YEARS AGO an accident put a power plant on the Pacific Coast out of commission. A U. S. battleship happened to be standing off the coast. It put into harbor, ran a power line ashore, hooked into the dead electric system and started the generators going. Street lamps flickered back on, factory wheels began turning, lights blinked in the city hospital, and within three hours the town was back to normal.

That was no trick for a battleship. Its generators could provide the juice for a couple of Denvers and have enough left over for Topeka, too.

To build and put a battleship on the ocean costs almost \$100,000,000. It is the most expensive and the most complicated piece of machinery on earth, takes four to six years to build, and has an official life-span of twenty-

six years. Yet, a battleship can die in two minutes. The great *Hood*, 42,100 tons of metal and machines, went to the bottom in three minutes, possibly a little less, and only one of her 1,500 men lived to tell the blinding story.

A battleship is a \$100,000,000 definition of that dog-eared classic of war—to "git that fustest with the mostest." It fights so hard so fast that many dreadnaught engagements have been won or lost in less time than you take to read this article. The total actual fighting time of all the battleship battles of the last thirty years hardly adds up to twenty-four full hours of fighting.

There are over sixty battleships afloat today. The United States invented the battleship. We started the business with the *Monitor-Merrimac* affair in the Civil War. But, the strange

fact is this: the United States has never fought a modern battleship fight. The last American battleships went into action more than forty years ago in the Spanish war and that didn't amount to much, technically speaking, because the Spanish ships were antiquated old tubs.

WHAT is a battleship?

It is about two blocks long and shaped like a Pittsburgh stoey. There is more of it under the water than there is above the water.

If the men in one wing of the Ford River Rouge plant lived as well as worked in their factory, they would have a fair approximation of life on a battleship at war.

When a naval designer makes up the plans for a battleship, he first designs the barbettes—those huge steel round-table towers at the top of which the guns are mounted. Then he decides how much armor the ship shall carry—huge pie-slice slabs of steel. He provides the engines and sets out thousands of tons of storage space. After he has fitted in all the machinery, guns, stores and armor, he fills the odd little nooks and crannies with quarters for the 1,200 to 1,500 officers and crew.

A battleship is about a third of a block wide. It has eight or nine main decks but they are so cluttered and cut to pieces that a sailor sometimes has to go up three flights, down four, back up two and walk a block around to go from one steel room to a compartment next door. It generally takes a battleship commander six weeks or

two months just to learn his way about his ship.

The sailors and petty officers of a battleship are its permanent residents. The commander is like the mayor of a small town—he changes every two or three years and like any new mayor, it takes him some time to get acquainted with his "town."

When the command of one famous U. S. battleship changed in the late twenties, the new captain found his ship in the hands of what the navy calls "politicians," veterans of many enlistments who were running the huge ship to suit themselves.

Favored jobs in the petty ratings were sold on a cash basis at a standard scale of prices. Laundry berths were hawked at \$50, uniform pressers paid \$60. The lucrative post of tailor sold for \$100. Barbers paid the same. Yeomen in the ship's canteen bought their places for \$75. The scale was fixed in direct ratio to income possibilities.

In the ship's executive office a yeoman clerk was doing a brisk business in 15-day leaves. He charged what the traffic would bear — anywhere from \$10 to \$25. His only competition came from another clerk who was selling liberty checks to sailors who had gotten in trouble and been barred or restricted in shore leaves. The checks were to be had at one to five dollars a night, depending on the risk.

This was during the prohibition era and several yeomen attached to the sick bay had worked up a trade in grain alcohol, from the ship's hospital stores. They cut the alcohol with water and sold it to the crew at a dollar

and a half a pint, or \$3 a quart.

In a cozy storeroom deep in the bowels of the ship a permanent crap game was in progress. It went on day and night. Old hands swore it had run without interruption for at least three years.

The crew of the evaporator room had taken over the chore of scrubbing and shifting the seamen's hammocks, a task which each A. B. was required by regulation to perform for himself. They charged a dollar per hammock and handled 250 hammocks at a crack—the number limited only by their facilities.

Some commanders are not so wise in the way of the gob. But those rackets are, generally, the peace-time troubles of the Navy. It's a safe bet that they are the last worry of U. S. battleship commanders today.

If you took the Empire State building and set it up out in the midst of the Kansas prairie, you'd have the nearest thing to a battleship off the water.

Even the men would fit. The Navy gets about forty per cent of its personnel from the "goiter belt," deep inland regions where the salt ocean is something to read about in books and see in the news reels. Properly enough, the decommissioned training battle-

ship moored up the Hudson in New York, was christened the *U. S. S. Prairie State*.

The resemblance of a battleship to a sea-going prairie village is startling. The ship has practically everything found in a small town. It has fire and police departments and a jail.

The U. S. marines used to police battleships—that is probably the root of the ancient hostility between the leatherneck and the bluejacket. A force of 200 marines is still stationed on each dreadnaught, but the Navy does its own policing now.

On each ship, you'll also find a telephone exchange, considerably bigger and more elaborate than a small town's; a telegraph office (wireless, semaphore, and blinker signalling apparatus); a print shop equipped with linotype machines which turn out a ship newspaper and daily bulletins and orders; a movie theater (films are shown on deck except during war blackouts, and warships at sea frequently rendezvous to exchange films); a big central kitchen and bakery (electrified) which turn out pies in batches of 200 and 20 dozen loaves of bread at a time; a library and recreation room; a soda fountain; a post office and system of letter boxes.

Every sort of craftsman and artisan is represented on the ship—plumbers,



steamfitters, blacksmiths, joiners, painters, electricians, radio technicians, carpenters, boilermakers, every kind of engineer, but no paperhang-ers. Almost every man aboard the ship is a specialist of some kind.

THE COMMANDER of a battleship lives like a swank New York penthouse dweller high above Park Avenue. He has his modern suite, decorated in impeccable if unoriginal taste, his small personal force of servants—usually Filipinos—and even his own private terrace: the captain's deck starboard of the quarter deck where he walks alone in sunshine or storm unless, by invitation, another officer joins him. His service is silver, and his china the best that money can buy. His linens are damask. A log glows in his fireplace and you have to look twice to be sure that it is electric.

This is expensive business.

It becomes more expensive when a battleship clears for action. There is no fixed woodwork on a battleship except for the planking on the main deck. The first order when a dreadnaught is about to enter an engagement is to toss all wood overboard. Into the ocean go the fine chairs and tables of the captain's suite—every-thing but his silver plate. Into the sea go the tables and benches of the crew's messroom. Overboard go wood-
en boats and orange crates. Every scrap of wood on the ship goes into the sea. Wood splinters under high explosive shells and fills the air with a deadly hail of shrapnel. So over-board it goes along with almost any-

thing else in the way of movable ob-
jects.

The United States has eighteen battleships fit for action—fifteen old ones, dating from 1911 to 1923, and three crack models added in 1941. We have embarked on a program that will add another fourteen to our total, making a record breaking number of thirty-two.

Not only are these floating citadels expensive—the upkeep is terrific.

Every time the nine big guns of a U. S. battleship are fired, the treasury gets a bill for \$15,000. Those guns can fire three shots every two minutes. In a single hour they could send nearly \$1,500,000 to blazes. If the Navy lined up its 18 battleships and told them to fire their big guns for an hour it would cost over \$25,000,000.

Those guns fire 15 to 20 miles. Their recoil will ram a ship from three to seven feet through the water. After a battleship has been through an action in which the big guns have been fired, it has to head in to port for repairs. The recoil and concussion of the main batteries springs plates, sets bulkheads leaking, breaks pipes, cracks gears.

ROUGHLY SPEAKING, a battleship is about one-third armor plate—slabs along the sides to protect vulnerable spots and heavy plates on the deck or buried inside of the ship to protect against air bombs or shells which plop down at acute angles.

Another third of a battleship's weight is its hull—the steel framework like the skeleton of a skyscraper.

The last third is divided something

like this: guns and munitions stores, about one-eighth; machinery, the huge turbines, gears and boilers—about one-seventh; equipment, cranes, cookstoves, binoculars, range finders, switchboards and telephones, about 3 per cent; fuel stores—oil, up to 4,000 tons, almost enough to take the ship around the world.

That means that anywhere from 14,000 to 16,000 tons of a battleship's weight is dead metal—armor plate. Battleship speeds range from a little more than 20 knots—the speed of the slothful old American dreadnaughts—to something over 30 knots, about the same as 45 miles an hour on land.

That's as though a man loaded down in a diver's suit could run the 100-yard dash in 10 seconds. It gives you some idea of the tremendous power plants necessary to propel a battleship through the water.

BATTLESHIPS are built like walruses. Their hide is so thick that it takes luck as well as skill to sink them.

The British in this war have lost two battleships due to lucky hits. The old *Royal Oak*, a pre-World-War ship o' the line, plummeted to the bottom at Scapa Flow like a sitting pigeon when hit by a torpedo fired by the lucky, and able, German U-boat captain—Lieutenant Guenther Prien. Prien's luck was in sneaking into the British base undetected and ramming home a square torpedo hit.

But the sinking of the *Hood*, the greatest warship afloat, was another sort of luck. This was the same combination of Achilles heel and mis-

fortune which cost the British so dearly at Jutland:

A single shell from the brand new Nazi battleship *Bismarck* crashed down on a gun turret of the *Hood*, causing a powder flash which raced with the speed of lightning to the ship's magazine and exploded the huge dreadnaught in the fraction of a second.

This type of hit—this identical type of hit—cost the British three battleships at Jutland. *Hood* was supposed to have been redesigned to incorporate the lessons of Jutland. Apparently the naval builders erred. But battleships are not always so vulnerable. *Bismarck* was hit repeatedly in the *Hood* engagement. It was subject to full out bombardment by two battleships but it did not sink. It did not sink until torpedoes were fired squarely into its wounded sides. And *Prince of Wales*, the fine new British dreadnaught, took hits from the *Bismarck* in the same battle and was not seriously injured.

A torpedo is probably the battleship's worst enemy because it hits where it can do the worst damage. A huge shell crashes down on the superstructure of a battleship, often causing plenty of trouble. It knocks out gun turrets and smashes control positions. But unless it sends an explosive flash into a powder magazine and sets off an internal blast deep within the ship, the dreadnaught, though wounded, hobbles along. The same is true of bombs. No bomb yet has sunk a battleship unless the Germans or the British have suffered a loss which they have not made public.

Bombs have caused damage—serious damage—to battleships, particularly to some of the British warships operating in the Mediterranean and to German battleships like the *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau* which the RAF caught moored stationary in harbors.

But torpedoes are another story. A torpedo sank the *Royal Oak*. A torpedo salvo sank the *Bismarck* after battleship shells crippled her. Torpedoes fired by British planes wrecked the Italian high seas fleet at Taranto.

A TORPEDO is a costly article. It is chock full of machinery which propels it through the water at a speed of 40 to 50 knots. The warhead of the torpedo is crammed with several hundred pounds of explosive. It is built to crash through the steel walls of a ship's side and explode only after penetrating the interior. The reason a torpedo hit is so dangerous is that the wound lies at or below the water line, enabling the sea to pour in.

For protection the battleship is

girded with a belt of armor, usually about 16 inches thick and 12 to 20 feet wide which extends from well above the water line to considerably below it. In addition most battleships are equipped with a "bulge." This is simply an ungainly steel bustle fastened to the ship's sides. The idea is that the torpedo will crash through the outside wall and explode inside the "bulge" but still outside the ship's main wall. The bulge is usually used to store oil.

The interior of the ship is combed with watertight compartments. If the torpedo rams inside, the compartments can be blocked off, and flood and damage limited.

But even so, torpedoes sink battleships. The dreadnaught is the biggest, toughest ship afloat. But the ship will never be built that cannot be sunk.

—Suggestion for further reading:

BATTLE STATIONS

by Alex Hudson

\$1.25

The Macmillan Company, New York



Didn't Smell the Rat, Though

DE AUBER, the celebrated animal painter, studied his patrons no less carefully than his subjects. One day he was observed by a friend in the act of vigorously rubbing a piece of raw meat over a rabbit in the foreground of a painting he had just finished. Asked to explain this peculiar touch, De Auber replied, "Mrs. Blank is coming to see this picture today. When she sees her pet poodle smell that rabbit and get excited about it, she will buy it on the spot."

She did buy it, too.

—ANDREW MEREDITH

Today an amateur magician can keep right up with the best professional—even beat him at his own game. Here's how it is done—so watch carefully



Mail Order Magic

by KENT SAGENDORPH

IT WAS ABOUT lunchtime. "Where shall we go?" I asked. My executive friend opened a desk drawer and took out a couple of eggs. "How'd you like a nice omelette? I haven't got a frying pan here, but I can use your hat."

I watched him crack those eggs and drop their gooey contents into my Sunday chapeau, adding a little milk from a half-pint bottle which, somehow, had also gotten into his desk drawer. Then he mixed and stirred the mess vigorously. I was plenty burned up.

But the omelette wasn't. He reached inside and withdrew a sizzling, savory, golden-brown triumph. He held it up proudly. "Ha!" he erupted. "I'll bet you never saw anything like that. It's a real omelette. Take a bite! Ho! Ho! Had you fooled, didn't I? Well, I just paid five bucks for that trick—it'll wow 'em at the club."

The hat, of course, was undamaged. Not even warm. I couldn't see any gas pipes or electric wires to supply the heat, but beyond question an omelette

had been created. It was magic.

This proud prestidigitator is a typical amateur magician, one of many thousand Americans who have lost their hearts to hocus-pocus. Everywhere, in every state and locality, you'll see men like him and ladies too; you'll see kindergarten tots lisping "prethto!" at school parties and pulling stuffed bunnies out of teacher's handbag. The most astounding magic trick in recent years is the mushrooming growth of this movement itself.

Manufacturers and dealers in the trade are bewildered. One mail-order dealer in Chicago sold *half a million dollars'* worth of low-priced magic effects to beginners in a single year.

Dealers hope this isn't doomed to become another craze, like miniature golf and candid cameras. On their books they note that dignified old dowagers are buying magic flower centerpieces for their tables—flowers which wilt disgustedly when the conversation bogs down in gossip, only to perk up sud-

denly in great glee when the visitors say, "Well girls, let's go home."

Another huge seller is the magician's alarm clock, set to go off in a loud clanging when the visiting salesman deviates from the truth. Businessmen call it their "lie detector."



CHARACTERISTICALLY, the best seller of all in the magic trade is a piece of apparatus for a typical suburban recreation room. In its simplest form (two dollars) it is a little jigger whiskey glass—a "natural" for a guest who's had three or four. The host pours the guest a drink and hands him the glass. But the guest never receives it. Somewhere between hand and mouth the whole thing disappears.

In the trade this is called the "squash trick"—named after the device used to keep the liquid from spilling during the disappearing process. It has numberless variations. One of them causes the drink to vanish as the guest is about to gulp it, leaving him staring incredulously at an empty glass. A companion piece to this little sally is the magic cocktail shaker which apparently turns pure water into any concoction the merrymakers call for. You can pour a rye highball into one glass and beer into the next, yet there is nothing but water in the shaker.

These and other "gag effects" are the magic dealer's steady sellers. They also tempt the buyer to try other gadgets—like the wooden block with

the piece of rope through it which will mysteriously cut right through the wood and leave no trace.

That's something he has to practice. When he can do it, he's proud of it and wants to show it to somebody. In his community there might be a hundred other people just like himself. Inevitably they have come together, the better to mystify each other—until now there are tightly-organized national chains of local magic clubs.

Of these, three are great national societies with scores of local chapters and many thousands of members. The newsworthy Society of American Magicians, whose conventions always make headlines, is one of the largest. However, it is probably no larger than the other two: the International Brotherhood of Magicians and the International Alliance of Magicians. On the West Coast there is the regional Pacific Coast Association of Magicians which holds its own national conventions with over twenty local units.



A DIRECTORY of magic clubs published in the *Sphinx*, the magicians' trade magazine, shows local clubs in every U. S. state. They meet weekly or semi-monthly, usually in some small auditorium which has a stage and a curtain. Many units have built their own little theatres in lofts, warehouses or unused floors of retail stores operated by members.

The Rouclere Assembly No. 25, S.A.M., of Teaneck, New Jersey, meets

in the bedroom furniture department of a local store. In New England many units meet in the summer theatres built out of superannuated barns.

Some of the meetings of these units read like the minutes of granges or city lodge meetings. At Springfield, Massachusetts, the Valley Conjurers' Assembly No. 17 invited Vynn Boyer, secretary of the nearby Waterbury Assembly, to come over and meet the local talent. He acted as chairman and introduced all the Springfield members, each of whom did his favorite stunt. Dr. Emil T. Gagnon had one he called the "mysteries of the Orient;" Dr. I. L. Calkins presented "streamlined magic;" Al Rapisarda did a turn called "the Karson Slicko." Afterward, refreshments were served by the Ladies' Magic Circle.

One local unit of the Society elects members in typical magic fashion. The sergeant-at-arms fans a deck of cards, and each member selects one. The sergeant then passes among the members, shouting: "Take a card, any card. And don't show me what it is." When each member has one, the sergeant tosses the remainder of the deck into the air. It vanishes, and the cards selected by the members appear out of nowhere, fluttering down on the table. Red cards select; black ones reject.

While all professional conjurers belong to one or another of these national guilds, they constitute only the merest sprinkling among the membership. Doctors, lawyers and businessmen outnumber professionals more than fifty to one in each of the top three guilds. There are more bankers in the Society

of American Magicians than professional magicians. Even at national conventions of the guilds there are few stage performers. Most of the attention and the overwhelming bulk of the new inventions shown are for and by the amateurs.

In magic, the best amateur can keep right up with the best professional and frequently beat him at his own game. The largest collection of magic equipment in the world belongs to a wealthy amateur, who would roar with laughter at the mere idea of putting his show on the road for a fee. Some of the most elaborate effects have been invented by amateurs and sold on royalty to professionals.

Amateur magic tricks are individually inexpensive and look flashier and more intricate than they actually are. Although two young Pittsburghers recently bought \$1,500 worth of magic equipment for display in an ornate basement theatre on their estate, this is a record investment in the field of amateur magic expense. The hobby is only a fraction as expensive as golf; not a drop in the bucket along side home movies. Most amateurs say it costs less than photography.



THERE ARE three kinds of popular magic, the simplest of which is the *trick*. This is a mere motion or a surprising result of some kind achieved with a single gadget and requiring no practice. A *trick* is accomplished by the gadget itself; for example the banana

with the zipper, which usually gets a laugh and thus accomplishes its mission.

Next in the scale of magic technique is the *effect*, requiring practice and skill in addition to the apparatus. One of the best-known magic *effects* is the Si Stebbins card deck, by means of which a magician can identify and name any card in the deck instantly at distances up to a hundred feet. He usually has an assistant passing through the audience allowing spectators to select and conceal cards, which he can name as fast as they decide which to select. It's a standard stage *effect*, in use by professionals for a decade. Today any amateur can buy a Si Stebbins deck, practice with it for perhaps an hour, and achieve the same effect which formerly required years of practice on the part of professionals.

Most complex and highest in the scale of popular magic is the *illusion*. Harry Houdini popularized the hand-cuff and escape *illusion*; Blackstone popularized the "sawing the woman in half" *illusion*. It requires special lights, bulky, heavy cabinets or milk cans, several assistants and a big investment, all of which is climaxed by the audience's surprise when the *illusion* succeeds. But amateurs have found that people are equally surprised when one of their neighbors passes a hand over a card deck and changes a nine of clubs to a nine of hearts.

The *illusion* still belongs on the stage, and amateurs avoid it. The man with a \$10 theatre in his basement recreation room and about \$25 worth of magic equipment on the

shelves cannot find room for huge Chinese escape cabinets. Besides he can get more fun out of making some twenty-five-cent gadget vanish in his own home recreation room.

Rising higher in the realm of difficult amateur magic, certain members of the guilds amaze their fellows with an expensive illusion which starts out as some seeds in a dish. Before your eyes there appears a tiny shoot which presently becomes a magnificent rose-bush. The climax comes when the performer picks two or three roses and hands them to the ladies. They are real roses—they ought to be, because the trick costs \$200. It is about the most expensive illusion available to recreation-room magicians. For a mere \$70 one can buy a beautiful doll-house which, when you say the magic word, will produce a live baby doll (blonde) with curls and ruffles and a vocabulary adapted to today's changing world of magic. She doesn't say "mama." She comes straight to the most prosperous-looking man in the room and says: "Daddy—gimme!"



IT SEEMS truly incredible that so many Americans, with no intention of cashing in on their skill by turning to the professional stage, should be buying gadgets like these. But many a basement which formerly contained only a furnace and a curtained-off bar has now blossomed forth into an extremely practical, workable theatre.

In such an atmosphere many a successful U.S. citizen has discovered a new hobby, less expensive than most others and hilariously funny. It is no news by now that U.S. Senator Bob Reynolds, Chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, is a rabid magic fan and adept at performing professional-type effects. In Hollywood, names like James Stewart, Edgar Bergen and Orson Welles add lustre to the rolls of magic clubs. Welles is spoken of by top-ranking professionals with awe—he has one of the nation's prize collections of magic equipment and can present a program infinitely better than most of theirs.

He, and men like him throughout the U.S., are replacing the famous billboard-and-marquee magician as top patrons of the flourishing art.

Houdini, considered the greatest of them all, has been dead several years. Herman the Great—Keller—Howard Thurston—where are they now? Most have long since vanished in their last disappearing cabinets. Professional magic is a night-club novelty act now, with little of the glitter that surrounded it during the half-century of its heyday.

Today the art of the conjurer is returning to the people.

—*Suggestions for further reading:*

MODERN MAGIC		
by Prof. Hoffman		\$1.00
David McKay Company, Philadelphia		
MODERN MAGIC MANUAL		
by Jean Hugard		\$3.50
Harper & Brothers, New York		
ILLUSTRATED MAGIC		
by Ottokar Fischer		\$2.50
The Macmillan Company, New York		



Epic for Puppets

WHAT is probably the longest play in dramatic history is performed in nightly installments in a tiny theatre in the heart of New York's old Italian section. Each performance is two hours long, yet to run its course the drama takes no less than thirteen months.

This epic is *Orlando Furioso*, Sicilian folk play, starring the Sicilian puppets of Agrippino (Papa) Manteo. Even the puppets are in the super class, for they are four and five feet tall, some weighing as much as two hundred pounds. Electrician by day,

impresario by night, Papa Manteo calls on his numerous sons and daughters to help him in the manipulation of the ponderous doll-actors.

The one hundred twenty-five seats in the theatre usually are filled by neighbors of Papa Manteo, but around Christmas time, visitors from Park Avenue and Sutton Place drift in. Regular patrons get a padlock and chain for their seats when they're not using them—which isn't often, for the bloody deeds of the bold knight, Orlando, are too exciting to miss.

—MURRAY TEIGH BLOOM

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A Madman's Dream—by Arthur Szyk

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The New Order

by Arthur Szyk

THE cartoons reproduced on this astonishingly brilliant, humorous and, at the same time, deadly serious gatefold are the work of the outstanding Polish artist of our day—Arthur Szyk—carefully selected from his already famous book, *The New Order*. Words are not equal to the task of describing exactly what Mr. Szyk has accomplished in this new, completely original form of art. Perhaps the best description of viewing Mr. Szyk's work is to liken it to an actual physical sensation. For example, in the brilliant full-color masterpiece on the reverse side of this gatefold, you can almost hear the click of the shining teeth of the Japanese militarist. Today, Szyk lives with his daughter in New York City while his son fights "somewhere in Eritrea" with the Free French forces. As Thomas Craven, American art critic, put it, Szyk's work is "as compact as a bomb." To which we might add—"and equally as effective."



ENEMIES OF THE THIRD REICH



JOYOUS COLLABORATORS

Not of Our Species

 *Whether or not they possess a sixth sense, animals can still amaze the men who mastered them, as these well-authenticated stories show*

• • • As a treat for the local birds, Henry Sharp of Asheville, North Carolina, pressed several particles of suet into the bark of an old tree. Among the birds who immediately assembled was a nuthatch whose beak hung open in a peculiar fashion. Closer examination revealed that the bird's lower jaw had evidently been dislocated.

The nuthatch made several attempts to obtain a piece of the suet. However, its injured jaw refused to function. Suddenly the bird left the tree and flew to a nearby brick wall. Here it searched until it found a spot where the mortar between the bricks had fallen out. Inserting its beak into this crack, it moved its head back and forth until the injured jaw slipped into place. Then it returned to the tree and plucked from it a tiny bit of suet.

Immediately the jaw again slipped out of position. The nuthatch then

returned to the brick wall and realigned its beak with the aid of the crack. By repeating the procedure a number of times, the bird was able to obtain a fair amount of food.

 • • • Since penguins overran the sub-Antarctic island of South Georgia, where he and his expedition were camped, Dr. Robert Cushman Murphy of the American Museum of Natural History wondered why he and his men never saw dead bodies of the birds.

Exploring a remote part of the island, Dr. Murphy one day came upon a small transparent lake formed entirely of snow water. Around its margin stood several sickly penguins. Looking down into the clear water, Dr. Murphy saw thousands of dead

penguins lying on the blue bottom of the lake.

Weary and dying, the birds apparently toiled up to this secluded spot and made their last dive into the translucent water. In that frigid grave their bodies might undergo no change for months, perhaps years.



• • • In order to chart the paths of bird migrations, the U. S. Biological Survey uses a system of leg banding. The birds are trapped, given a free meal and have an identification band fastened to one leg. Soon after this system was inaugurated, birds which were already banded began intentionally to enter the traps. Thereupon they enjoyed a free meal, were released and waited until the traps were set again in the morning.

These bird "chiselers" have become an ever increasing problem to the Biological Survey. One bird entered a trap seven times in a row, receiving a week's free meals.



• • • Darwin in the *Descent of Man* cites a well known naturalist's observations of the doings of an ordinary crab. The naturalist threw a rock into the crab's burrow. The crustacean immediately removed the offending stone and carried it a safe distance from his burrow.

He then carefully examined the

sand about the mouth of his tunnel, apparently believing that the rock had rolled in by chance. Finding two other stones which might also roll in, he removed these and piled them with the first. Then, to his way of thinking, having completely eliminated the danger, he returned to his burrow.

Pondering the case, Darwin states, "It would, I think, be difficult to distinguish this act from one performed by man, with the aid of reason."

• • • "Mischief," a small terrier, had been forbidden to cross the street in front of his home in Sidon, Mississippi. One day he sat on the front porch watching a canine convention on the other side of the street. Twice he was observed by Mrs. W. B. Harvey to start across. Each time, training overcame desire.

Finally he sat a long time, thinking. The street which baffled him had a dead end, and it was on this that he concentrated his attention. At last he became convinced of the law of the case, and trotted to the dead end, where he calmly crossed the street, ran back to the middle of the block, and joined the other dogs. When he returned home, he did so by the same roundabout way.

Readers are invited to contribute to "Not of Our Species." A payment of \$5 will be made for each item accepted. Address the Coronet Workshop, Coronet Magazine, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. Although they cannot be returned, all contributions will be given careful consideration.

Streamlined Novel:



Mad Mission to BERLIN

by Oscar Schisgall

Beginning a thrilling and prophetic novel concerning some young people of the old order and one old man of the so-called new order. Here perhaps is the answer to what will happen if Hess talks—in four installments.

BY THE TIME the *All Clear* sounded, Lieutenant John Frazer had taken all he could of Dwight's sarcasm. He opened the cellar door and said in a tight voice, "Let's get out of here."

They climbed out of the shelter in silence. Dwight started up the stairs first, struggling on unfamiliar crutches. John, a step behind his brother, kept an arm ready to help; the sight of those bullet-shattered legs always

made him feel a little sick. The two servants came last, heads lowered.

Near the top Dwight said, "God, I'm shaky—"

"I'll fix you a drink."

Dwight turned a bitter face. His eyes and cheeks were as sunken as they'd been in the hospital. "Your nerves never get frazzled, do they, John?"

"Oh, yes."

"Oh, no. I've never seen 'em *really* jittery. I expect it's because you've plenty of time to rest 'em all day—with your britches pasted to an office chair." Dwight dropped a harsh laugh, shook his head and continued

climbing. "Lucky fellow, fighting the war at a desk."

John Frazer's lean face was pale, but he didn't reply. There were things he had to say to his brother tonight, but not while the maids listened.

*They climbed out of
the shelter in silence.*



"That's the clever part of being an American," Dwight went on. "You chaps get the soft jobs."

"All right," John said through stiff lips. "I ought to be fighting in the R.A.F. I ought to be marching across Iran with Dad. Anything except what I'm doing. . . . Let's drop it."

As he went into the drawing room to mix a whisky and soda, his eyes were turbulent. It was his father, he remembered, who had steered him into Intelligence. Colonel Frazer had argued that the Government could put John's years at Heidelberg, his knowledge of German, to no better use. So it had been Intelligence—sitting at a desk, decoding German documents while you smoked a pipe.

Well, it was an essential job. Not heroic, perhaps. Not as spectacular as Dwight's flights with the R.A.F. But now and then you stumbled on something that saved a thousand lives. He knew Dwight wouldn't be contemptuous of the work if it weren't for the other thing—his being an American.

He brought Dwight the glass. Beyond the arched doorway of the dining room, he saw, the maids were removing supper dishes. He'd have to wait till they were gone.

John Frazer went to the window, pulled the black curtain a quarter of an inch to look out into the darkness. Over the other side of London a red glow quivered in the skies. Docks burning, he supposed.

But he couldn't concentrate on that. Dwight's sarcasm still churned in him. *He's sick*, he tried to tell himself. *He doesn't realize what he's saying*. It wasn't easy to believe that, however, because he knew Dwight's bitterness had started long before he'd been shot down by a Messerschmitt. To be exact, it had started in the month before the war when John Frazer, on his twenty-first birthday, had refused to apply for British citizenship.

John's father, curiously enough, had been quite decent about it. But Dwight had been outraged.

"Are you crazy?" he'd cried. "You've spent most of your life in England. You belong to England as much as I do! The sheer accident of having been born in the States—how

can a thing like that matter?"

Dwight hadn't been the only one who'd been baffled. A few weeks later there had been the recruiting officer. "'Ow's it that in a family of Englishmen you're the only American?"

"My mother was American," John had explained.

"Still an' all, it don't make sense—"

"It's really quite simple, sir. Just before I was born, my mother became ill. That was toward the end of the World War. My father made her go back to her people in Savannah; he thought wartime London a bit too much for her nerves. So I was born in a Savannah hospital — born an American. Of course, we returned here after the Armistice."

"Been back to the States since?"

"Yes, sir. Several times."

"And you expect to remain an American, do you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then why d'you want to enlist in the British army?"

"You might say England's my country, too."

The recruiting officer had studied him a while, then shrugged. "Well," he'd said, "it sounds a bit balmy, but I expect we can use you."

Big Ben startled the past out of John Frazer's mind. It was eight-thirty. At nine he had to report to the War Office, perhaps for the last time. . . . He turned away from the window.

The maids were no longer in the dining room; they were safe enough

behind the closed kitchen door.

He walked out of shadows into the light—a tall man with powerful shoulders. Dwight, he saw, had lowered himself into an easy chair. With the crutches propped against a bookcase, he was coddling his glass in emaciated hands. A lamp burned near him, revealing all the haggardness of his face.

"Dwight," he said, "I want to say goodbye. I'm leaving London to-night."

Dwight looked up in surprise. "Why? Where're they sending you?"

"To Germany."

The word didn't immediately have its effect. Perhaps it sounded too fantastic. But when it did seep into Dwight, he straightened. He put his glass aside, his eyes incredulous.

"What—what the devil are you talking about?"

"They're sending three men who can speak German well enough to pass as Nazi fliers. They've got two

volunteers from the R.A.F.—Wing Commander Whitefell and Squadron Leader Dix. They wanted the third from Intelligence. I volunteered this afternoon."

"John!"

"I had to. It was too big a thing to pass up. The rumors we got yesterday about Rudolph Hess—they were confirmed today. Hess finally *did* talk. A great deal. Enough to start things popping at the War Office. At Downing Street, too, I expect."

"But for God's sake, man—to fly into Germany—"

John Frazer decided to ignore his brother's shock. He pulled up a chair

*"Dwight," he said,
"I want to say
goodbye. I'm leav-
ing London to-
night."*



and straddled it, crossing his arms on its back. He tried to talk quietly.

"I saw the Hess report," he said. "Hess had a touch of gripe. The prison camp doctors poured hot toddies into him. Too many—they got him drunk. Once he was drunk, he became garrulous. Spouted typical Nazi stuff. Germany, he said, will dominate Europe within two years. Not only England and Soviet Russia, but the Mediterranean. The officers at the prison camp, hearing him talk, guessed they'd got their hands into something. To draw him out they argued. Told Hess the Mediterranean would logically be Italy's. He sneered the idea down. Germany, he said, will *obliterate* Italy. She'll have to do it to guarantee her undisputed control of the Mediterranean. She'll turn on Italy as unhesitatingly as she turned on her other partner, Russia—once she finishes with the rest of Europe.

There'll be no room on the Continent, Hess said, for two dominant races."

JOHN FRAZER stopped. One of the maids appeared to place a silver bowl on the dining room table. He waited, despite Dwight's tense impatience, until the woman had gone back to the kitchen. Then he went on:

"Hess told them the German mind, German psychology, will be educated to the *necessity* of turning on Italy. It will be done with one of those hate

campaigns in the German press—this time against Mussolini."

"A stab in the back—"

"That's it. According to Hess, Goebbels has already prepared the campaign. He's made notes for it. Notes for a whole series of editorials. His notes have been turned over to a Dr. Reinhardt Geist who's doing the actual writing."

John paused, looking into the fireplace. After a moment he swallowed hard.

"We've dug up quite a bit of information on this Dr. Geist," he said. "He's one of their best propagandists. A former professor of Latin and Greek. Wealthy chap with an estate near

A movie about an author who spent all day on the veranda of his Riviera villa sipping long, cool drinks lured Oscar Schisgall into the writing game at seventeen. He wrote 300 stories before he sold his first, earning his living meanwhile as salesman, coal miner and news reporter.

Berlin, where he does his work. Intelligence has marked the place on maps. It's got fifteen acres of lawn—enough to permit a plane to land."

Dwight's hand clamped like a claw on John Frazer's leg. His hollow eyes burned. "So they're sending you for the Goebbels notes? And what about the editorials?"

John nodded.

"How do they know Hess isn't lying? To risk three lives on a drunken man's boastings—"

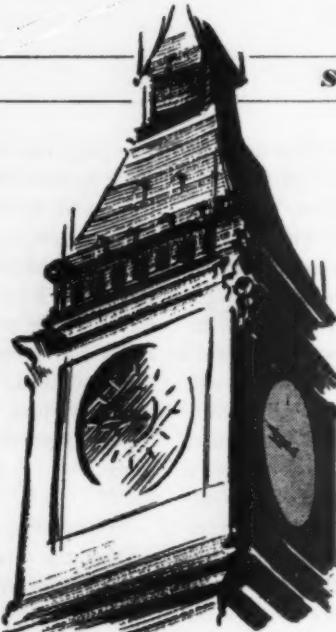
"It's worth taking the chance," John said. "If he did tell the truth, if these notes exist and we can get them, if we can take them into Italy with proof of their authenticity—you see what they can mean, don't you?"

Yes, Dwight saw. The vision blazed in his eyes. He saw Italy alienated from Germany as from something poisonous. Such notes might serve to take the Italians out of the war at once—in fury against their Axis partner. They might free the British armies now holding the Italians in check in North Africa. Release the British fleet from patrols. He saw it all as a hard, decisive blow against Germany . . .

In the vast excitement of it Dwight's bitterness, his mordant sarcasm, were forgotten. "But John," he asked, "how the devil do they expect you chaps to get into the Geist place? And away from it?"

"We're to get our orders tonight," said John. "I don't know the details."

Out of the London stillness Big Ben rang again. There was something doggedly British in those bells, John Frazer always thought; a rhythm that was unhurried, unchanging, unaffected by the crashes of a thousand bombs. Some nights it was the only sane sound in the city. Now it came like a signal. A quarter of nine. John slowly rose and forced a smile.



Big Ben broke the London stillness.

"Time to say cheerio."

The coldness of Dwight's fingers creeping into his palm startled him. They lay there like something dead. Then, convulsively, his grip hardened.

"John, old man—" Dwight Frazer's face twisted in a tortured way. He spoke, and the words were choked. "I—I've been pretty much of a louse, haven't I, John?"

LATE THAT October afternoon Dr. Reinhardt Geist stood at the Gothic window of his study. Without seeing, he gazed over the immaculate expanse of his lawns. Though the grass was still green, nearby trees had already begun to flaunt vivid reds and yellows and browns; and when the breeze blew, leaves scurried among them with a rustling song.

A short man, thickset, lumpy about the shoulders, he kept his hands clasped behind his back. His hair was almost white, and he had a small, neatly trimmed Vandyke. When he was thoughtful, his face lost its austerity. It became a sad face.

"Herr Doktor—"

He turned at the call, adjusted his pince nez. Two typewriters clattered in the study. His niece, Elsa Geist,

by Oscar Schisgall

worked at one, transcribing from a notebook the things Dr. Geist had dictated today. The other machine was being operated by young Fritz Kauber—clever, dynamic, unscrupulous Fritz Kauber whom Dr. Goebbels had sent down from Berlin. He had the features, Dr. Geist sometimes thought, of a young Satan—and he disliked them intensely.

"What do you think of this, Herr Doktor?" Kauber read from the paper in his typewriter: "Since there are forty million Nazi sympathizers in the United States of America, how can the President claim to speak for the whole nation? By what logic does he proclaim himself the spokesman of those who do not even pretend to support him?"

Before Dr. Geist could reply, Elsa turned an angry face from her machine. "But that is too absurd! There are not forty million—"

"It does not have to be true if it's effective!"

Dr. Geist said gently, "You go too far, Fritz. You cannot make anyone believe *nonsense*."

"If we say it often enough, they'll believe it."

"You believe it will bolster German morale when people think they have forty million friends in America—"

"*Sicher.*"

"—and then feel, as they see American help going to England, that their friends have turned against them. No, Fritz, we must be more skillful."

Fritz Kauber rubbed an uncertain hand over his chin. Then a grin came to his face and he shrugged. He picked up a pencil, made a correction.

"Maybe you're right," he said. "I'll call it twenty million."

Dr. Geist sighed. He glanced at Elsa and shook his head. At Heidelberg, he knew, Fritz Kauber had been a brilliant student; but time seemed to have done incomprehensible things to the boy. . . .

OUTSIDE the window, on the gravelled path, an automobile rolled to a stop. Dr. Geist looked at it, then began to button his tweed jacket. Tonight he must go to dine with four army chiefs. The Staff needed a series of articles to show how well the soldiers on the Russian front were being fed and clothed.

"I'll be back about nine," Dr. Geist said to his niece.

"These will be ready," she promised.

Fritz Kauber didn't speak at all. He went on typewriting until the doctor was gone. Then he lifted his eyes to Elsa, and a smile crept over his lips. She was lovely. Exquisite—



Dr. Geist
dictated today.

a slim girl with golden hair; and bright, intelligent eyes. He rose. He went across the study and stood over her.

"Elsa."

"Fritz, I've begged you not to annoy me when I'm working."

"There'll be time for work later." Still smiling, he caught her hands, tried to lift her from the chair with a persistent pull. "All day," he said, "I have been waiting for a moment to kiss you."

"Please, Fritz!" An angry flush spread in her cheeks. This was one of the things she hated in Fritz Kauber—his assumption that she had any feelings for him. She had despised him the day he had entered the house.

"You are unreasonable," he protested. And chuckling, he added, "The trouble with you is you're not loyal to the Reich."

That shocked Elsa. It made the

flush fade. "What — what do you mean?"

"Girls like you should not waste so much time at a typewriter. You should be marrying. You should be having babies for the Reich—many babies."

"Oh—" It was a shuddering sound, half relief, half disgust. She managed to disengage her hands. "Fritz, let's stop this nonsense. There's so much to do—"

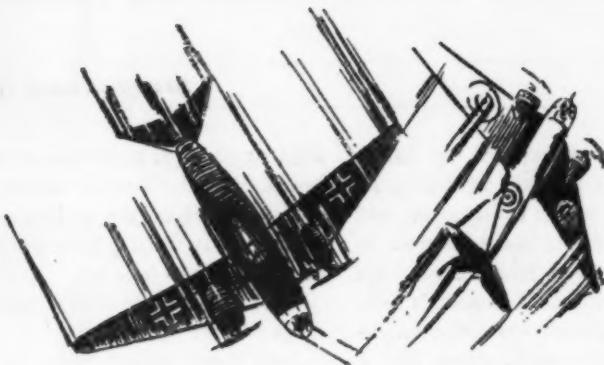
It was then they heard the sounds which made them forget each other. Sounds that dropped out of the skies. The whines of motors, the staccato rattle of shots. . . .

Kauber was startled. He listened to another fusillade. Then, losing color, he ran out of the study. Elsa at once followed. On the veranda she saw that the three servants, too, had come out. They were staring skyward.

Two planes were directly above the



Fritz Kauber said hoarsely, "That's a Heinkel and a Britisher."



The English craft banked and escaped the collision.

house. Elsa saw them against a background of gray twilight clouds. Saw them dive and swerve and zoom past each other, jockeying around for position. They were flying at a fantastic speed.

Fritz Kauber said hoarsely, "That's a Heinkel and a Britisher."

They were fighting at little more than a thousand feet. Elsa watched in fascination that was like horror. The scream of motors sent chills through her. She watched the Heinkel dive at the British plane's tail. A crash seemed inevitable. Yet the English craft banked and escaped the collision.

Their guns clattered in a harsh, passing duel.

Then something happened to one of the planes. Its nose dropped. It spun earthward, crazily. It fell five hundred feet before its pilot managed to regain control. Then it leveled off, but not to climb back into conflict. It continued to spiral downward in wobbly, sweeping circles.

Fritz cried out in dismay. It was the Heinkel. The British plane was zooming toward the clouds.

LEFTENANT John Frazer sat in the bombardier's seat of the Heinkel, under the pilot's feet. As he looked down through goggles, he breathed heavily. He felt dizzy after the combat, and his stomach was drawn into a rocky lump. But he didn't mind that. The exhilaration in him made all other feelings unimportant.

The voice in the earphones said, "Steady. It's going to be a bumpy landing."

"Right, sir."

He had to admire Wing Commander Whitefell's skill with the Heinkel. Whitefell handled it as if he'd been flying German planes all his life. A giant of a man with straw-colored hair, he had been as calm through all this as if it were a pleasure flight around Croydon. Back in the "bubble" Squadron Leader Dix had been managing the guns with equal skill.

Through the three-way communications system Whitefell asked, "Can you see the other plane, Dix?"

"No, sir. It's in the clouds."

"Very well. Hang on. Here we go for a landing. . . ."

John Frazer clung to his seat. The

Heinkel cleared tree-tops by half a dozen feet. It was still wobbling. Its nose pointed at the Geist lawns, and when it struck the plane bounced in a way that jarred John's bones. But that was all right. He couldn't help grinning. Whitefell was doing an excellent job of coming down like a stricken bird.

As the plane taxied over the lawns, John saw people running from the house. There was a girl with golden hair. A slim girl in a sweater and skirt. Beside her came a dark-faced man, and three other people—two women and an old fellow in a servant's apron—were following.

Well, things were working quite smoothly.

John thought of the instructions at the War Office: "We have a Heinkel that was shot down over Sussex," the major had said. "It's been reconditioned—except for bullet markings—and is ready for you. You will fly it to Wiesenburg at 20,000 feet. A British plane will accompany you at 25,000 feet, out of sight. Over Wiesenburg you will descend to a thousand feet, where the British plane will engage you in combat. From the ground that combat must look *genuine*. The Heinkel will lose. It will make a forced landing on the Geist estate—unable to go on without repairs, you will explain. After that, gentlemen, you will depend on yourselves. If you find the Goebbels notes, you will fly them back to England. . . ."

The plane rolled on slowly. White-

fell was taking it to the far end of the lawns. Near the trees he turned it before switching off the ignition. When it stopped it faced a long stretch of grass—ready to take off.

"All right." Whitefell's voice was crisp. "Carry on."

John freed himself from the seat and the earphones. Looking out, he saw the golden-haired girl again. She was beside the plane, on her toes. She stared up at him anxiously, and he gave her a grin of reassurance. And then, startled, he looked at her again. It struck him, in that moment, that she was beautiful. She had a beauty that made you check your breath. . . .

But he promptly forgot the girl. Beyond her the dark young man appeared. His eyes were lifted to the window of the cockpit, and he called something John didn't catch.

What he said didn't matter. John Frazer stared at him with a sense of shock that held him rigid. A cold sensation began to crawl over his skin. Then he scrambled out of his tiny compartment. Whitefell was just ahead of him, on the catwalk leading to the door.

"Hold on!" John whispered. His hoarseness made Whitefell turn in alarm. John said, "We're in a jam! That chap out there—the dark one—he knows me. We were at Heidelberg together. . . ."

NEXT MONTH: *His desperate plight calls for desperate measures. There's one long, slim chance—and John Frazer makes up his mind to take it.*

*Whether searching for a safety pin in
baby's stomach or for that needle in a
haystack, let the X-ray be your guide*



X-ray Marks the Spot

by MARGARET DAVIDSON BARNETT

PEOPLE MAY like nuts in their candy, but certainly not the kind that goes with bolts.

And so it is that today leading candy manufacturers X-ray all of their packaged sweets in a tireless search for machinery parts which might drop in during the packaging.

Indeed, the magic eye of science today is an invaluable aid to modern industry in prying into its most deep-rooted secrets. Just as the medical profession uses X-ray to diagnose bodily ills, so industry employs it to diagnose the ailments of many of the most useful objects in our daily lives. In both cases, the principle is to demonstrate possible obstacles to your health and safety. And in the case of X-ray in industry, there is the added purpose of protecting the manufacturer as well.

Actually, the fluoroscopic inspection of candy is only one instance in which the seeing eye of X-ray guards you from the dangers of foreign bod-

ies in food. Manufacturers cannot afford to take even one chance in a million—a single lawsuit might prove embarrassing. And so your breakfast cereals are X-rayed in the package, not only to guarantee the purity of the product, but also to make certain every box is full.

Many methods of inspecting food have been devised, such as sieves, magnetic separators and the electric eye, each of which will detect a specific type of foreign body. However, a piece of stone or glass would be ignored by a magnet, while a strand of wire might very well go through a sieve. The X-ray gets them all.

It is often baffling how some foreign stuff gets into food. How do you suppose, for instance, a paring knife was included in a large bar of chocolate or a pencil stub in a package of beans? It is understandable how buttons and small tools manage to get in when mechanics are working near the food conveyors—and how ma-

chinery parts also find their way into the food. But understanding how a bit of razor blade from a dicing machine slipped into a package of diced beets makes the blade no easier to digest.

A judicious X-ray machine discovered all of these unfriendly objects before they ever reached the market.

It is a far cry from breakfast foods put up in an ultra modern package to the dried and dusty mummies of ancient Egypt and Peru. But the master sleuth, X-ray, spans the ages as easily as it finds a stone in your gall bladder.

The Field Museum in Chicago has a completely equipped Radiology Department where mummies are studied.

X-raying of the unopened mummy pack reveals the exact position of many objects such as jewelry, pottery, shells and food in relation to the body with which they are wrapped. And further radiographic examination of the bones of these ancients yields much information about their diseases.

By taking X-rays of their jaws we learn that at least four out of five had pyorrhea, and even Cleopatra may have suffered from impacted wisdom teeth.

We can't tell for certain, of course, from X-ray pictures whether the old

Though she has here treated the non-medical aspects of the subject, Mrs. Barnett's first-hand experience with the magic beam came from her work in the X-ray department of a large hospital. In fact, she has worked in hospitals the better part of the last five years, and a natural interest in the medical sciences was further heightened by her recent marriage to a doctor. A graduate of Barnard College (class of 1936), she turned to the sciences after being disqualified for an English major, made up for it by writing for school and club publications. This is her first article in Coronet—but not her last, we hope.

Peruvians had colds, but we do know that they had the common associates of colds, sinus trouble and mastoiditis, in spite of the hot, dry climate that is characteristic of old Peru.

ONE non-medical use of X-ray of more immediate importance is in the examination of large concrete and steel structures. If a concealed air space in a modern flood gate of one of our great dams went undetected, it might eventually break through to the surface to flood the country for miles around. No heroic little boy using a single fin-

ger could check the force of the millions of gallons of water behind those gates. The unsung hero behind a sturdy modern dam is often the keen-eyed X-ray which reveals an air space or crack otherwise invisible.

The large steel bridge that you may cross daily is also safe because the structure has been thoroughly examined inside as well as out. All the steel welds and the concrete piles have been submitted to X-ray examination to eliminate the possibility of cracks and air spaces.

You may personally encounter still another ingenious adaptation of the X-ray to fields outside of medicine. One of these days when you drive into a service station an attendant may wheel out a portable X-ray fluoro-

scope, jack up the front or rear of your car and literally look into your tires.

In just a few minutes he can tell you, without removing them from the wheels, whether or not they are safe to drive on. He may see a bruise or a break where lurks a future blow-out. He may localize a piece of glass or a nail in the tire and remove it before any damage is done. After such a check, you will drive away without fear of a sudden accident from a faulty tire.

Many assembled articles of everyday usage are put to the X-ray test to guarantee smooth operation. Are the parts of a faulty cigarette lighter in perfect functioning relationship to one another? You can't tell by looking at the lighter, but an X-ray machine can. It can tell whether this screw and that spring are in their proper places so that when the lever is pressed there will be an instantaneous reaction.

The fountain pen that writes under all conditions might very well bear a sign; "Don't shake me. I have passed my X-ray examination." And the shoes on your feet don't poke hidden nails at you or bulge up under your arches. And the reason they don't is that they, too, have passed their X-ray examination.

X-ray follows you all day, right through brushing your teeth at night. Tooth paste manufacturers must be careful of the quality of the paste. If it is too thick it will not squeeze out of the tube easily, and if it is too thin it will run out. The speed

of a metal ball as it drops through various samples of toothpaste is followed with a candid X-ray camera—thus determining proper plasticity.

THE ROLE OF X-ray evidence in legal cases is also important. For example, there was the case of a woman who inherited a string of pearls. The will was contested, and the actual value of the pearls became vitally important. From a preliminary examination, the jeweler who appraised them was quite certain that the pearls were real, but he could not tell whether they were natural or cultured pearls. "However," he said, "we will give them the final test."

The woman was worried. "Will you have to drill them?" she asked.

"No," he said. "We will examine your pearls without destroying a particle. We will X-ray them."

"You see," he continued, "a cultured pearl is composed of a mother-of-pearl center about which layers of pearl are deposited, while a natural pearl is the same all the way through. Therefore, when we take an X-ray picture of the natural pearl in three different positions, full face and both profiles, it will appear the same in each position. One of the profiles of the cultured pearl, however, will betray its artificiality."

So the jeweler turned on the current of his X-ray machine, and the pearls were established to be natural, real pearls, about twenty-five times as valuable as cultured pearls.

Art, as well as industry, makes claims on the magic of the X-ray;

"shadowgraphs" often reveal original old paintings under a repainted surface, and forgeries of Old Masters are often betrayed in this manner. If you have an old painting, artist unknown, the brushwork in the under-painting as revealed by an X-ray may be the only clue to the artist's identity. As in medicine where a competent doctor is needed to interpret an X-ray picture of your stomach, so in art an accomplished critic must evaluate a "shadowgraph" of an Old Master. And he uses the X-ray picture as a tool.

Indeed, an X-ray picture may even be a work of art in itself. Beautiful effects are sometimes gained by radiographing flowers and leaves. One

fashionable New York florist displayed X-rays of ferns and flowers in his windows at night, and the exhibit was very striking, the pictures bringing out each delicate line and structural detail of the flowers.

Few X-ray pictures, however, are so valued for their own sake. Perhaps the outstanding exception was the famous case of the doctor who took X-ray pictures of his whole family, including the dog and canary, and incorporated them into an unusual if slightly macabre Christmas card.

—*Suggestions for further reading:*

CAMERA, TAKE THE STAND

by *Asa S. Herzog and
Aaron J. Ezickson*

\$3.00

Prentice-Hall, Inc., New York



The Retort Magnificent

WENDELL PHILLIPS, the great abolitionist leader, was once traveling by train through Ohio and he found himself in a car with a group of ministers returning from a convention. A minister from the South, obviously hostile to Phillips because of his abolitionist doctrines began this conversation.

"You're Wendell Phillips, aren't you?"

"Yes, I am."

"You're the man who wants to free the niggers?"

"Yes," Phillips answered.

"Then why preach around here? Why don't you go to Kentucky where the niggers are?"

Phillips was silent for a moment. Then he spoke.

"You're a minister, aren't you, sir?"

"Yes, sir, I am."

"And you want to save souls from burning in Hell?"

"Yes, sir, I do."

"Then why don't you go there?" said Phillips with faultless logic. —EARL J. DIAS

Picture Story:

TARGET FOR TONIGHT

Based on the amazing Warner Brothers film release of the same name, *Target for Tonight* is the authentic story of a bombing raid on Germany—how it is planned and how it is executed. Every person seen in the following pictures is actually a member of the Royal Air Force—each enacting his

own daily life on the job. Many of them are recognizable; the exploits of several have been newspaper headlines here in America. *Target for Tonight* mainly concerns the crew of the bomber called "F" for "Freddie," attached to Millerton Station in Group 33 of Bomber Command.

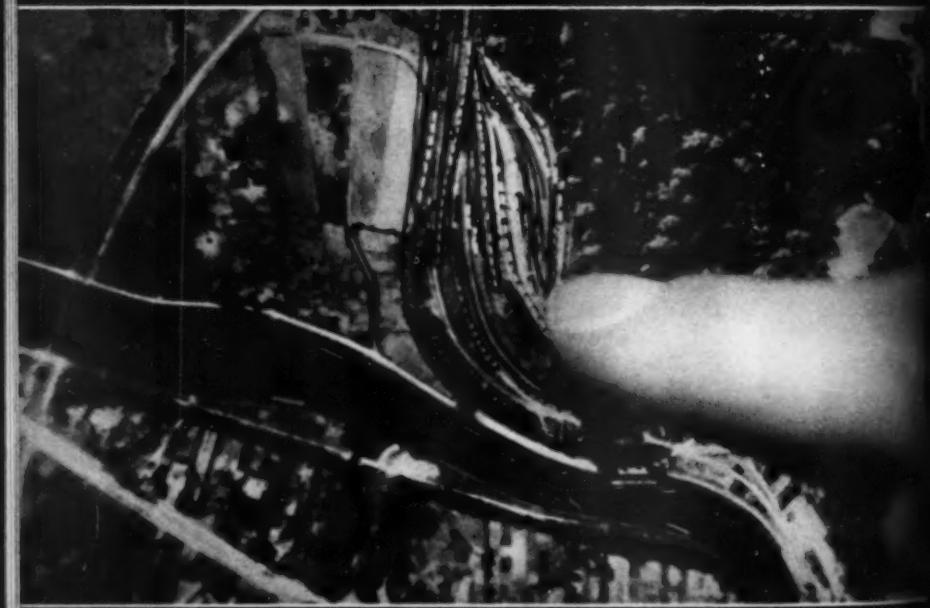
PHOTOGRAPHIC
SECTION

BOMBER COMMAND
SECRET

The scene: "Somewhere" near London. R.A.F. observers have returned from a sortie with a new batch of evidence, "shot" over Germany. But first to the dark room for deciphering. Then—"Righty-oh! Get them along to headquarters!"



Charting tonight's objective—town 483-1 in Germany—Commander-in-Chief Peirce examines the new prints. "I say, we might have something here. Let's take a look at the files on—er—Freihausen. Thank you. Ah, here we are—



"—three months ago nothing much happening. Just a wood! But now look at it! Quite different! Extended sidings—oil tanks along a railway—pipe lines—barges in the river. It's very big. Better get me the A.O.C. 33 group right away."



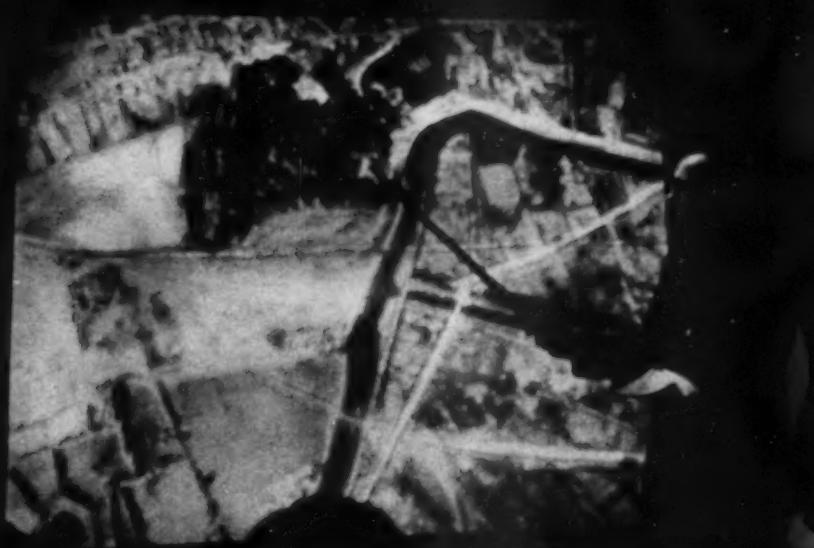
Now plans are altered somewhat. A single squadron of bombers from 33 group will be diverted to the new target. Carefully the Group Captain goes over all angles with the lucky squadron's Wing Commander. "You can see it's easy to spot—



"—what with these water landmarks. But anyway, I should send in two good men first with incendiaries! Here's Freihausen, you see—on the right bank of the Rhine. I'd say it's about 15 miles north of Freiburg in the Black Forest—"



Meanwhile, pilots, navigators and gunners idle away time. Someone complains about his blind date last night—someone owes half a crown. And then all eyes alike are suddenly fixed on the board as an orderly scrubs: ORDERS FOR TONIGHT—



In the assembly room, all gather for "briefing" by Wing Commander Powell. "Gentlemen, target for tonight is Freihausen. On your maps it looks to be an unimportant railroad siding. Actually, as this picture shows, it's the site of a large oil dump—



"Now your job, me lads, is to find—and destroy it! But first a word on 'F' for Freddie. Dickson, you're captain. I want you to take Lee on wireless and not Catford. Bad luck, Catford. So the crew will be: Dickson; Lee; McPherson as navigator—"



"For forty minutes, weather, tactics, personnel, possible dangers are discussed in full detail. Then the Group Captain gives a final word: 'Well, chaps, no doubt about it, we're a good one for tonight! So go in and flatten it! And good luck!'"



By now, of course, bombs have been loaded, planes checked and fueled. In the locker room, crews dress hastily. "Where's that Scotch navigator? Oh, there you are, Mac. Let's have a look at the course before we start. Now, over here—"



As the lorry pulls up, outside, someone is shouting: "Hey! Some chuk's pinched me boots! Come on, pull your finger out—where's me boots?" The driver is at the door. "It's here, sir." "Right you are. All for 'E' for Freddie here? Let's go!"



At the field they use a portable control station. The Wing Commander dispatches planes from a glass cubicle in the roof. "F" for Freddie calling. May we take off?" "Hello, "F" for Freddie. Yes, you may take off. Off you go!"

And so, with a great roar of its big motors—"F" for Freddie takes off, takes off into the rapidly darkening East, "Freihau-n-here we come!" breathes Skipper Dickson grimly.



Smooth going so far, anyhow. "Hello, rear gunner, Can you hear me?" "I'm okay, Skipper." "Hello, front gunner, can you hear me?" "Okay, Skipper." "Hello, Mac. Know where we are now?"



Mac says they're flying true enough—and coming to Carlsruhe—"famous for its breweries, you know." The Skipper laughs. "Good old Mac. All right, let's go down and smell its breath."



And "F" for Freddie noses gracefully into a long, steep glide into the overcast. "Hello, everybody. Keep a sharp eye, now, and let me know if you see anything. The natives may be hostile..."



"Hello, Skip! Searchlights and flak to the starboard quarter..." "Hello, Skipper! The target's about fifty miles up the river. I suggest we make a sweep and approach it down the river. There's the canal, now—as plain as my face!"



Mac's on the target now—his sharp eyes can almost pick out the railway sidings. But as "F" for Freddie glides down out of the overcast—



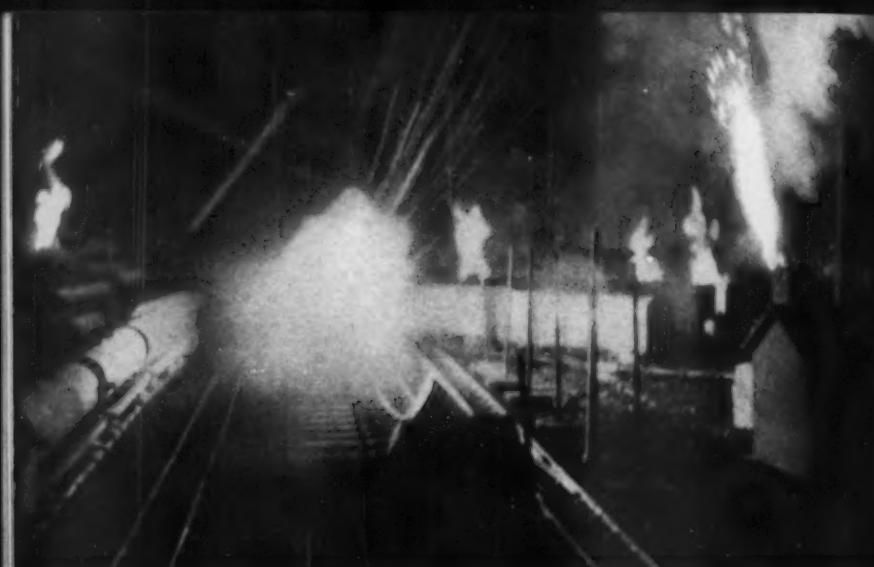
—sharp eyes below are watching, too. Loud, guttural orders crack in the night. A plane is within the range of flak!



And there go the incendiaries! It's almost daylight down below—so bright is their glare.



Now Mac takes over command. "Right a bit. Now left a bit. Now steady at that!" And then: "Bombs gone!"



—and down below a giant flush of garish red! A bullseye on that last one!

4



"Good man! Want a cigar or a bag of nuts?" "Neither, I think I'll have a sandwich."



But the danger isn't over yet! For as the Skipper lifts up Freddie's nose for altitude, the sky is alight with tracers and flak—



from Nazi anti-aircraft down below. "They've got the range man, and no mistake!"



Many hours have passed now. Back again at Bomber Headquarters, all the planes are safe—all, that is, except "F" for Freddie. On a rooftop, two tired, anxious officers scan the skies—trying to pierce the quickly gathering yellow fog.

And then, faintly at first, then overhead—a friendly roar, high above them, "F" for Freddie is at least still in the air!



In the flare-lit landing field, comrades gather worriedly. Landings are never easy on England's rough, camouflaged fields. To top that—a landing in this fog?



...but out of the mist comes Freddie, engines limping. A bumpy landing, perhaps—but still a landing! Quickly the crew dismounts. "Nazi flak," they explain breathlessly. "Lee is wounded—wireless smashed—oil line broken!"



Afterwards, in Bomber headquarters, the boys of "F" for Freddie repeat their story over hot coffee—answer questions as to the number of hits, color of the flames. And when they have gone, the Commander writes his report: "Tonight's operations—



"—The objective was reached and heavily bombed. Large fires and explosions were seen. All our aircraft returned." Then weary, between-snarfs: "Well, old boy, how about some bacon and eggs? It's been a pretty good night, at that?"



Tales like these have no place in this reasonable world. Told by reliable witnesses but unbelievable nevertheless, they are easier to forget than to explain

• • • As a special feature, the editors of *Observatory* invited internationally known astronomer E. W. Maunder to contribute some reminiscences for the 500th number of their magazine. The published reminiscences concerned a strange celestial object seen November 17, 1882, by Maunder and his colleagues at the Royal Observatory in Greenwich.

Observed with a large telescope, the peculiar object appeared suddenly and moved steadily across the sky. Concerning it, Maunder and his colleagues made numerous notes, a few of which follow:

"The thing was cigar shaped—like a torpedo, a spindle, a shuttle. Had the incident occurred a third of a century later, it would have been called 'like a Zeppelin.' Too fast for a cloud, too slow for a meteor—a great spindle of greenish light. Appeared to be a definite body—had a dark

nucleus. This was both extraordinary and alarming."

As to what the thing was, one man's guess is as good as another's.



• • • In the files of the French Academy of Sciences documents submitted by Auguste Nélaton, a noted surgeon, and supported by the affidavits of many prominent persons, tell this story:

On March 17, 1863, a dinner party was given by the Baroness de Boislèvre at 26, Rue Pasquier, Paris. During the dinner, the Baroness discussed her son, Honoré de Boislèvre, who, as a Lieutenant of Light Cavalry, had accompanied the French expedition to Mexico.

At 9 p. m. the Baroness went alone into the salon to serve the coffee. She

had hardly entered the room when she was heard to scream. She was found unconscious.

Upon being revived, she told of having seen an apparition of her son standing in the center of the room. The young lieutenant was wearing his uniform, but no cap. He was without arms and on his face was the pallor of death. His left eye had been blown out, and from its socket blood trickled down his cheek.

A week later it was officially announced that on March 17, 1863, at 2:50 p. m., Lieutenant Honoré de Boislèvre was killed during the storming of Puebla. A Mexican bullet entered his left eye and passed through his head.

Anyone can complete the story. It is simply a matter of making allowance for the difference in time between a blood-soaked town in Mexico and an elegant salon in France.



• • • Here is a story vouched for by Dr. Gardner Murphy, psychologist at Columbia University.

Joan, a girl of Dr. Murphy's acquaintance, agreed to meet a friend, Ruth, at 6:30 p. m. At 3 p. m. circumstances arose which made Joan decide to telephone Ruth to break the date.

When the operator answered, Joan suddenly was unable to recall Ruth's number. In her embarrassment she blurted out the first number which came to mind. The call was imme-

dately put through and Ruth answered. The number was that of her dentist, where she had gone because of a sudden toothache.

Ruth had never told Joan her dentist's name or phone number. Her decision to go to the dentist that afternoon was made so suddenly that she had informed no one except the dentist himself. Dr. Murphy felt that coincidence was an absurd explanation, and that some super-normal force must have been involved.



• • • The giant sloth is extinct. He gave up the struggle at least 25,000,000 years ago. So say the textbooks of geology.

Just before the turn of the last century, a peculiar piece of hide was sent to Professor Florentino Ameghino, renowned South American zoologist. The hide had been found hanging on a bush near Ultima Esperanza, Patagonia. Professor Ameghino immediately identified it as the skin of a giant sloth. To the day of his death, he maintained that the piece of epidermis belonged to that long extinct animal.

But the skin which Professor Ameghino examined was *fresh*. All the experts agreed that it could not be more than a year or so old. Although it has become increasingly evident that the skin was that of a giant sloth, it has been almost impossible to trace the origin of that hide.

—R. DEWITT MILLER

*Found: a nationally known investment counsellor
who can and does discuss money in terms which
each of us can apply to his own individual problems*



Everyman vs. Inflation

by SHELBY CULLOM DAVIS

EVERYONE is warning of inflation these days—from Secretary of the Treasury Henry Morgenthau, and “boss” of U. S. prices, Leon Henderson, to such conservative stalwarts as Lewis Douglas of the Mutual Life Insurance Company, and Winthrop W. Aldrich of the Chase National Bank.

The trouble is, few have told us what to do about it, in terms of our daily lives.

What can you and I—the average Americans—do to protect our hard-earned savings? What can we do with any extra cash that may fall our way during the present national defense boom?

First of all, remember that even if the pessimists' worst fears about inflation are realized, the world still won't be so topsy-turvy that we won't need food, clothing, transportation and a place to sleep—the four bulwarks of our standard of living. If you can safeguard your supply of these,

you will have made a major investment for your future peace of mind.

We're limited by space and perishability to the amount of food we can store. Besides, farm prices have already gone up so much that the farm bloc may be satisfied for a time. We don't have to worry about food scarcities, because government warehouses are literally bulging with farm products. And if farm prices go too high, the farmers will surely have to unlock their gates.

If you can squeeze some extra suits, shoes and general haberdashery into your closets, do it. Clothing prices are

*Who's Who reports that at thirty-two Shelby Cullom Davis is the director of several corporations, an investment counsellor who holds his own seat on the New York Stock Exchange, and the author of five books. While studying for his doctorate in political science at the University of Geneva, he became associated with the Columbia Broadcasting System, and commenced his writing career as a foreign correspondent. Harper & Brothers will bring out his forthcoming book, *Your Career in Defense*, early in 1942.*

going up. And fancy shades and patterns will give way to standardized models. Shirts, ties and shoes this spring will cost at least ten percent more.

Several months ago, K. T. Keller, president of Chrysler Corporation, pointed out to me in Detroit that the new automobile models were "bright and shiny" then, but that he didn't know what they'd be like a few months hence.

This is a tip from an expert. Better act on it. Cars are bound to lose their lustre—their "bright-work." Over the next few years we may look back upon the early 1942 and 1941 models with the same admiration as connoisseurs lavish upon vintage champagne. "Ah, those were good years. Aluminum piston, chrome-plated radiators—and what an easy ride!" The automobile people are ingenious, but it's wiser to play safe if you're going to need a new car in a year or so, and get it now.

Refrigerators, vacuum cleaners, washing machines—in fact, most of the household utensils that make life more worth living for the housewife are going to be hard to get in the future. Plan ahead, and if you're going to need one of these household "beasts of burden," buy it now. Don't buy too much on the installment plan, though. Government officials are thinking of further tightening up in-

installment credit. You might wake up with a shock one morning to find your twenty-four monthly payments reduced to twelve, thus doubling your burden in meeting them.

IF NECESSARY, we can wear a threadbare coat, make our old car last a year or two longer, or sweep the house by muscle instead of by electricity. But our standard of living would certainly be upset if we had to live in a trailer or a tent. Few of us hanker to return to the cliff-dwellers' age. And yet houses will become much more scarce.

It is now almost impossible to build a house in the "over \$6,000" class. Defense boom towns have the greatest housing shortage. This year, moreover, there will be even greater feverish defense activities in practically every community in the country. Living quarters will become more and more precious as defense needs deepen.

One of the best investments you can make right now, therefore, is to own your own home—providing you feel reasonably certain of continuing to live in the same community. Your bank will give you easy credit terms, spaced out over a twenty year period. In many cases the interest and amortization of your mortgage, taxes, insurance and maintenance will come to about the same figure you would have paid for rent anyway. And at the end of, say, twenty years, you can

Next Month

... at last! The stenographers have their say! How good an employer are you? Don't miss *Men Are Lousy Bosses!* in the February issue!

burn up the mortgage and the home is yours. If you own the roof over your head, you don't have to worry about suddenly being moved into the street—or about having your rent doubled. Indeed, you may thus be spared much anxiety during the next few years.

If you live in an apartment, try to get a longer term lease.

Only after you have looked after your basic wants—food, clothing, transportation and shelter—can you afford to think about the rest of your savings. Insurance really is protection, for those who look to you for support. It will be as necessary as ever during the period ahead.

During troubled times loose talk always can be heard to the effect that your insurance may not be worth anything. Don't listen to it. Experience shows that good insurance policies long outlive these false prophets of doom. If you're going to have more dependents, take out new insurance.

Certainly you should keep on with whatever insurance program you've started. There are over 60,000,000 holders of insurance policies in this country. The government will see that they are protected.

IF YOU ARE under Social Security and earning more than \$3,000 a year, insurance experts estimate you are getting about the same protection as a \$10,000 life insurance policy. Your widow and two children would receive about \$72 monthly from the government. Therefore, an additional life insurance policy of approximately

twice your annual income should afford sufficient protection for your dependents.

If your income is \$5,000, for example, you should have a \$10,000 policy, annual premiums for which at age thirty-five are \$250. Thus at least five percent of your income should go into insurance.

It's a good idea to keep some money in a savings account, too. It will provide you protection if you need money in a hurry. In many states savings accounts pay a maximum two percent. Consequently, savings accounts are less attractive than formerly. Consider them more as a short term protection than as an important place for your savings. However, at least two percent of your income should go into a savings account until it is sufficiently comfortable in size to meet an emergency.

U. S. Government Defense Bonds are more attractive than savings accounts. The government needs money badly to finance its defense program. Consequently it has offered attractive terms to investors, in many respects better than the Liberty Bonds of the last war. The Defense Bonds Series E, for example, pay 2.9 percent interest, although you do not receive the interest until the end of ten years. It works out this way. You pay \$75 for one of these Defense Bonds now, and in ten years the government will pay you \$100 for it—an appreciation of 33.3 percent over the period.

Or, if you need income from your investments, buy a Defense Bond Series G. You will pay, say, \$100 for it

and twice a year you will receive interest at the rate of 2.5 percent. At the end of twelve years you will receive your \$100 back again. However, the funds you invest in Defense Bonds will be tied up from ten to twelve years. True, you can turn them in for cash any time after sixty days from date of purchase (for Series E) or after six months, including one month's written notice (for Series G), but your return would be considerably less, depending upon how long you hold the bonds. Use Defense Bonds, therefore, only for your long term savings program. At least three percent of your total income should go into these Defense Bonds.

ALTHOUGH many state, municipal and high grade corporate bonds pay a higher rate of return (up to 3.5 percent), they are not as safe as government bonds and may decline in price. The bond market today is as high, relatively, as the stock market in 1929. Many experts forecast the next important move of the bond market as downward. Hence, if you bought one of these bonds at \$100, you might unhappily see it drop to \$90 within several years.

If you still have some savings left over (ten percent of your income is "saved" already), chances are you're either a lucky or a frugal person. From now on, incidentally, frugality will be a good kind of "character" investment to participate in—and it costs nothing. It will be better to save fifteen rather than ten percent of your income in the days ahead, to pay your

increased taxes, maintain your standard of living and provide protection for your dependents.

If you're worried that prices are going sky-high and that we'll be lighting cigars with paper money, as they did in Germany after the last war, buy a common stock or two. That government watchdog of the investor's welfare, the Securities and Exchange Commission, is even in favor of insurance companies investing in common stocks now. So you'll be in good company. Don't buy stocks of companies that are profiting from defense, because these profits will probably be taxed away. Buy stocks of companies that promise growth after the war ends—sound oil companies, aviation transportation companies and chemical companies.

It is equally safe to predict a great boom in automobile sales after the war—and large retailers, which cannot now sell all the refrigerators, washing machines, vacuum cleaners and other household utensils desired, should do a land office business after the emergency.

WHAT ABOUT real estate—as an investment, over and above your own home? Urban real estate is precarious, because so many people are moving to the suburbs. A carefully selected lot or house in a growing suburb is a good idea, however, provided you have funds to pay taxes and maintenance even when you have no tenant. If you like the bucolic life, there is always a farm. Living is cheap on a farm, and taxes generally are low.

But don't buy a farm as a "hedge" against anything—unless you wouldn't mind living on it and farming it. I know a number of people who are stuck with farms which seemed good ideas at the time, but which now weigh heavily on their hands.

But don't throw all your savings into a real estate lot, an oil well or a gold mine because some smooth talker says we're going to have inflation. If anything, be a little more cautious than usual now. During wartime, people often get too excited to think clearly about investments. They wake up to find their nest egg vanished—leaving a goose egg instead.

Above all, though, protect your own vital needs—*food, clothing, transportation and shelter*. Then, in addition, protect your dependents with adequate *insurance*. Keep several hundred dollars in a *savings account* as a short term emergency fund. Save systematically for the longer term by buying

Defense Bonds. Watch the pennies more carefully than ever in order to pay your rising *taxes*. And finally, if you have some extra savings, invest in several sound *common stocks* of well known "growth" companies, as protection against a wild inflation.

Personally, I think the government will take strong enough steps to prevent a wild inflation. But I also feel a mild price increase is inevitable.

In any case, the above program should bring you through the trying period ahead with a minimum loss of standard of living, adequate protection for dependents and savings.

—*Suggestions for further reading:*

IF WAR COMES TO THE AMERICAN HOME
by *Sylvia F. Porter* \$2.50
Robert McBride & Co., New York

THE LETTERS OF AN INVESTMENT COUNSEL
TO MR. AND MRS. JOHN SMITH
by *H. G. Carpenter* \$2.50
Harper & Brothers, New York

THIS WAR AND YOUR POCKETBOOK
by *L. Seth Schnitnam* \$1.00
The Vanguard Press, New York



Plain Talk

"I ain't in *Who's Who*, but they have my picture in the next edition of *What Is It?*"

"You know what I like about Cordell Hull. When you call on him at his apartment in the Carlton Hotel in Washington, Cordell answers the door himself. There ain't no butler comes to sniff you first."

"I wasn't born in a log cabin but my folks moved into one as soon as they started living indoors."

—CAL TINNEY, *Sizing Up the News*



Could a Peace Party Win Votes?

by DR. GEORGE GALLUP

THERE has been no really strong third party movement in the United States since 1924, but the war issue is such a deep and vital one that the question of how many Amer-

icans might be willing to forsake the traditional political line-up for a third party is hotly debated. Here is the report of the Director of the American Institute of Public Opinion.

The Issue:

If Lindbergh, Wheeler, Nye and others start a "Keep-Out-of-War" party and enter candidates in the next Congressional elections, would you vote for the candidate of this party?

How Public Votes:

YES.....16%

THE DISPUTE between isolationists and interventionists is getting the country so wrought up that some political seers believe a "Keep-Out-of-War" party may spring up for the Congressional elections next year, under the direction of the three chief isolationist leaders, Charles A. Lindbergh, Senator Burton K. Wheeler and Senator Gerald P. Nye.

The survey results on the left indicate that approximately one voter in every six throughout the country believes he would want to vote for a Lindbergh-Wheeler-Nye third party. This does not mean that only 16 percent want to keep the country out of war. It simply indicates the number who at this time would be willing to desert the major parties to vote for a strictly anti-war third party.

Such a party would probably not succeed in winning any substantial number of Congressional seats. Nevertheless, a vote of sixteen percent is a higher vote than any third party has polled since 1924, when Robert M. LaFollette received seventeen percent on the Progressive ticket for President. It means that if the Congressional race between a Republican and a Democratic candidate in a given area were close, a third party candidate might hold the balance of power.

The poll results illustrate one of the most interesting political phenomena in the United States. The American people have always fought out their political differences through the established major parties and have,

by and large, resisted third parties as a solution to political controversy. This is in marked contrast to the experience in France before the war and in Germany before Hitler. The American way, apparently, is to stick with the traditional two-party system, although the political philosophy within the two parties may, and often does, change radically from generation to generation.

Despite the economic suffering of the masses in the years following the financial crash of 1929, there was no

noticeable rush of poor voters to the banner of

Communism or even Socialism. Huey Long's Share-the-Wealth movement might have become the core of a third party, but the bullet which killed Long killed the movement. The third party which put up William Lemke for President in 1936 polled less than two percent of the total number of votes cast.

Three years ago the LaFollette brothers, Philip and Robert, launched a "National Progressive" party. Institute polls at the time showed little public interest nationally in the movement. From time to time, a national Farmer-Labor party is suggested, but that idea too has generally met with public apathy.

The greatest support for a Lindbergh-Wheeler-Nye peace party was found in the East Central states, comprising Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Michigan. In that area nineteen percent expressed themselves willing to vote for the candidate of such a party.

A comment on this opinion

Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home—for getting killed or hurt. Here is the ugly record. What shall we do about it?



World's Most Dangerous Street

by WILLIAM F. McDERMOTT

BELOWE IT or not, you live on the most dangerous street in the world. From it, last year, 33,000 dead were carted away to the morgue; 4,850,000 persons were injured, 140,000 crippled for life. The economic loss involved on this street was placed at \$600,000,000.

And what street is it? Why, none other than Home Avenue—along which lie the dwellings of America. For there's no place like home for getting killed or hurt. In the home last year occurred thirty-four percent of the nation's 95,000 accidental death toll. Even motor car slaughter, so widely publicized, took only a slightly greater toll than home accidents.

Yet the battlefield slaughter of Home Avenue is not unavertible. According to the National Safety Council, a few common-sense rules can avert at least 15,000 of the household deaths, prevent a couple of million minor injuries and save at least

\$1,000,000 a day in lost time, medical costs and other expenses.

A real nationwide attack on this vicious enemy within the home is just beginning. And the first episode in this campaign takes place next month in Chicago—with a great convention of safety experts, home builders, architects, insurance representatives, economists, educators, public officials and parents—called by the National Safety Council to make plans for averting home fatalities and injuries.

An architect has discovered, for instance, that hundreds die on the steps to front and back porches. Therefore he builds houses with no outside steps, but with ramps leading up to the floor level. Result: such deaths have practically been eliminated in his houses. By applying safety principles to building, the U. S. Housing Authority in its projects has cut home accidents by sixty-one percent. Kansas City campaigns through a unique Children's Bureau. Minnesota stages

inter-community home safety contests.

But we 132,000,000 Americans need not wait for the organized movement to cut the toll of dead and injured. Each family of us—yes, each individual—can develop a one-family or one-person home safety campaign that will save thousands from death or suffering—simply by persistently practicing a few home safety rules.

BUT FIRST let's take a glimpse of just one small stretch along Home Avenue. It is just a couple of blocks long in a quiet suburb of Chicago. I live on it, and I know. Looking up and down the street, here is what I see:

An attractive bungalow, where on a recent Easter day a young woman went to the basement to take clinkers out of the furnace. As she turned around, flames leaped out the furnace door and set fire to her dress. In a second her whole body was ablaze. She burned almost to a crisp.

In a house a few doors away, an old lady a month later stumbled at the head of the basement stairs, pitched forward and down to the bottom, and lay helpless with a broken hip for several hours until found. She died in a few days.

Shortly before that, a painter in the next block dropped a cigarette in a pail of varnish. Two men burned to

death and a house was destroyed. In my block, a woman's hand caught in the wringer, which drew her arm in almost to the shoulder. After months of treatment, the arm was saved.

In my own family, a boy fell and broke his collar bone; one daughter played with fireworks, burning the back of her hand so seriously she had to have medical treatment for six weeks; another daughter in jumping for a dress on a high hook caught her throat on a nail, nearly severing the jugular vein, and causing a permanent and very ugly scar.

Most persons rely on their wits to escape death at home. They know there is danger, but they feel it won't hit them. Yet an elementary study of safety in our homes will astonish us by the hazards we uncover—and by the ease and slight expense with which they can be corrected. Safety councils and insurance companies have studied thousands of cases. Here is a composite picture of their main suggestions:

SINCE FALLS cause most deaths and injuries at home, eliminate those hazards first. Keep all stairways clear of brooms, baskets, stepladders and ironing boards. A chum of my young son started down his home stairway two steps at a time. His toe caught in

a ragged spot, and he plunged headlong, cracking his skull against the stairpost. He lay for weeks in the hospital. If that stairway had been equipped with strong handrails, as all should be, he might have saved himself in spite of stumbling. Two way lighting is particularly vital to safety—that is, lights that can be turned on either at the top or bottom of the stairs.

Avoid waxed stairs. A friend of mine in Kansas City had a beautiful home. He was particularly proud of his highly waxed stairs—until his aged mother slipped from the top step, breaking both hips. Death finally relieved her.

Many fatal falls occur in the dark. A dim night-light on all floors is a life-saver. Have wall switches near the door in every room. Always keep the passageway clear from the side of your bed to the door. A young mother in Cleveland heard her baby cry, sprang out of bed and rushed across the room towards the crib. She forgot the chair she had drawn up to the crib side the evening before. She stumbled and fell. A loose rod on the crib hit her in the eye, destroying its sight completely.

THE BATHROOM, contrary to popular notion, is about the safest room in the house, yet even there the toll is high. A rubber mat in the tub and a strong hand-rail may well save a life. Bathroom deaths are particularly hor-

rible if boiling water is involved. A prominent Chicago business man at a New York Hotel slipped on a piece of soap and fell against the tile shower wall—just as he turned on the hot water. Steam and the water gave him painful, scarring burns.

The yard is the most fatal home area, registering nineteen percent of all deaths, mostly from falls. If you're going to climb up to wash windows or fix the roof, first test your ladder for broken rungs or weak spots. Slant it so that the distance between the base of the ladder and the house is one-fourth the length of the ladder. This will prevent tipping.

A death weapon in the yard is an upturned rake hidden in the grass, or wire that may fly up and hit one in the eye. A wise householder keeps all tools put away when not in use. Little children and jagged rocks in a rock garden or pool are deadly enemies. I know of two little children who have died in a mere six inches of water in such pools. You should put a protective screen around any such potential danger in your yard.

Fires cause 6,000 home deaths and half a million injuries yearly. Yet most of these could be prevented. Try inspecting your home for fire hazards. You may be amazed.

Most home fires originate in the basement, so start your tour there. Here are standard recommendations: Cover boiler and pipes with asbestos;



surround base of furnace with brick or concrete; keep pipes and joints free from rust, and furnace and flues clean; store kindling wood at a distance; and never, never allow rubbish, old paper, piles of clothing, and *particularly oily rags*, to accumulate—they're a direct invitation to cremation.

I shall never forget the most tragic assignment I ever had in thirty years of newspaper reporting. A very young mother had left her three children alone while she went to a neighbor's for a moment. Oily rags caught fire and filled the place with smoke. Firemen came racing up, but too late. I can still see the pathetic sight of those three little bodies laid out on a single slab in the morgue.

TO THE MOTHER at work in the kitchen (which, by the way, is the most dangerous room in the house, registering eighteen percent of all home deaths) many safety hints may be given.

A wise mother always turns the handles of pans on the stove inward, so her child will not pull boiling water or hot grease on himself. Have you ever seen a child hideously burned in such an accident?

Here are other safety suggestions for the kitchen: Always take the top off the roaster at the far side first, so steam may escape away from the face—it can easily mark you for life; have a vent on the stove to carry away unburned gases; keep matches in fireproof containers and away from children; and always disconnect the electric iron when not in use or when you're an-

swering the telephone. If you do, firemen will have more time to themselves.

Death is always lurking in the medicine cabinet. Any poison or strong medicine should be kept in well-labeled bottles, with pins in corks as an additional safeguard when searching in a hurry at night for a remedy. And keep everything in the medicine cabinet out of the reach of children.

There are rare, unpredictable accidents, dealing death where never dreamed of. Yet many of these are classifiable and preventable. Safety measures include these:

Burn all trash outdoors in containers, and keep children away.

See that pictures in heavy frames are securely hung—many people have been killed by pictures falling on them.

Don't throw pins or safety razor blades into wastebaskets. Cuts and infections easily follow for those handling them.

Keep all window screens secure. See that window cords are in good condition, or there may be a mashed hand or fingers.

In using knives, always cut away from the body, so a slip won't stab you.

Watch everywhere for protruding nails that may tear the flesh or put out an eye.

Keep your children away from stray dogs.

In making repairs in dangerous places, use some sort of safety belt.

Dispose of discarded tin cans or

bottles. Keep guns unloaded. Have fire extinguishers in handy places.

Keep adequate first-aid equipment always at hand, including gauze and bandages, cotton, adhesive tape, iodine, ointment for burns, ammonia (for fainting), boric acid, syrup of ipecac (to induce vomiting after poisoning) and a good first-aid book.

Of course, every home has its own hazards, only a few of which are enumerated here. And you can get a real

kick out of finding and correcting them in your own home, whatever they are. I went on an inspection tour of my home recently and in two hours I was able to detect and correct *seventeen* different hazards—at *no expense*.

There are about 35,000,000 dwellings on Home Avenue. If one adult in each will tackle the accident-prevention problem in earnest, he can help change it from the most dangerous street in the world to the safest!



Cat Eat Rat

NOT FAR from Tahiti lies the Island of Fishing Cats, a strange empire. Its history dates back almost a century when two rat-infested sailing ships cracked up on a reef just off the island.

Hundreds of rats swam ashore. In a short time they had multiplied so rapidly that the natives fled for their lives, abandoning the island to the ferocious rats.

Some years later an adventurous Frenchman, learning that the authorities were going to give the island to anyone who could rid it of rats, decided it was worth a try. He collected some five hundred cats and released them on the island.

So successful was this raid that the Frenchman took up residence there, starting a poultry farm.

But the enterprising planter was due for a big surprise. Although the rats were soon completely killed off by the cats, the latter quickly became as serious a menace as the rats. They bred freely and soon the island was swarming with them.

When the rats were eaten out, the cats naturally turned to the poultry farm. It was impossible to keep the starving creatures away, and at last the discouraged Frenchman turned the island over to them.

That was more than fifty years ago, and the cats have remained in possession ever since. They are now so hostile to human beings that the approach of a boat brings hundreds of the cats to the water's edge, where they spit and snarl defiance at would-be visitors.

—ROBERT M. HYATT



You could work your way through many a college with the answers to this—but if you're able to score 100 per cent you deserve an honorary degree

Review of Reviews

REGARDLESS of whatever else may pop into your head, the answer to each of the following fifty questions must be the name of a magazine. There are no holds barred—foreign and defunct publications are included in this quiz along with the current

ones. The clues are a bit informal, but each one should lead you to the name of a fairly well-known magazine. Count two points for each correct answer. A fair score is 50 or more; 64 is good, and 78 or over is excellent. Answers will be found on page 116.

1. One of Patrick Henry's alternatives
2. Subject in a school for brides
3. Big Pond gazette
4. Any neighbor of Fiorello La Guardia
5. Generic term for Penrod or Tom Sawyer
6. What Tom of Coventry took illegally
7. Educated hilarity
8. Vespuccius' journal
9. Rank next below a knight
10. What France was immediately following the Revolution
11. Equine accelerator
12. Judicious bench-warmer
13. Maroon volume
14. Pair of progenitors
15. Urban and rural
16. Bathnight journal
17. Windy tales
18. Procrastination's victim
19. Peruser's compendium

20. Female monsieur
 21. Native quicksilver
 22. Seven-day report
 23. Trailblazer
 24. Constabulary journal
 25. Saturday eve
 26. You have me in the palm of your hand
 27. Forty-eight states
 28. There goes that camera shutter
 29. *Elan vital*
 30. Literary fare for our antlered friends
 31. Female's twenty-four hours
 32. All the world
 33. Indigenous abode
 34. Man-about-the-house

35. Debating arena
 36. One of Chopin's favorite musical forms
 37. Forty fiscal hours
 38. Body education
 39. Most important after ME
 40. Clever clique
 41. Comely cottage
 42. \$\$\$\$
 43. A la mode
 44. Stop, — and listen
 45. Left jab
 46. By W. M. Thackeray
 47. Spice of life
 48. The coal miner's
 49. Citizen of the world
 50. Bucolic existence



Knacks of Nature

COBWEBS pay the expenses of a college student in one of the leading engineering schools. By touching the nipple-like spinneret at the base of the abdomen, Albert Albright "milks" the golden garden spider of the silk it uses to spin its webs. The silk is wound on a spool—one spider yielded a record of 550 feet of silk—and the spools are then sold to the U. S. Navy, the Bureau of Standards and private manufacturers of various types of telescopic instruments.

In case of attack by a would-be destroyer, some lizards call upon

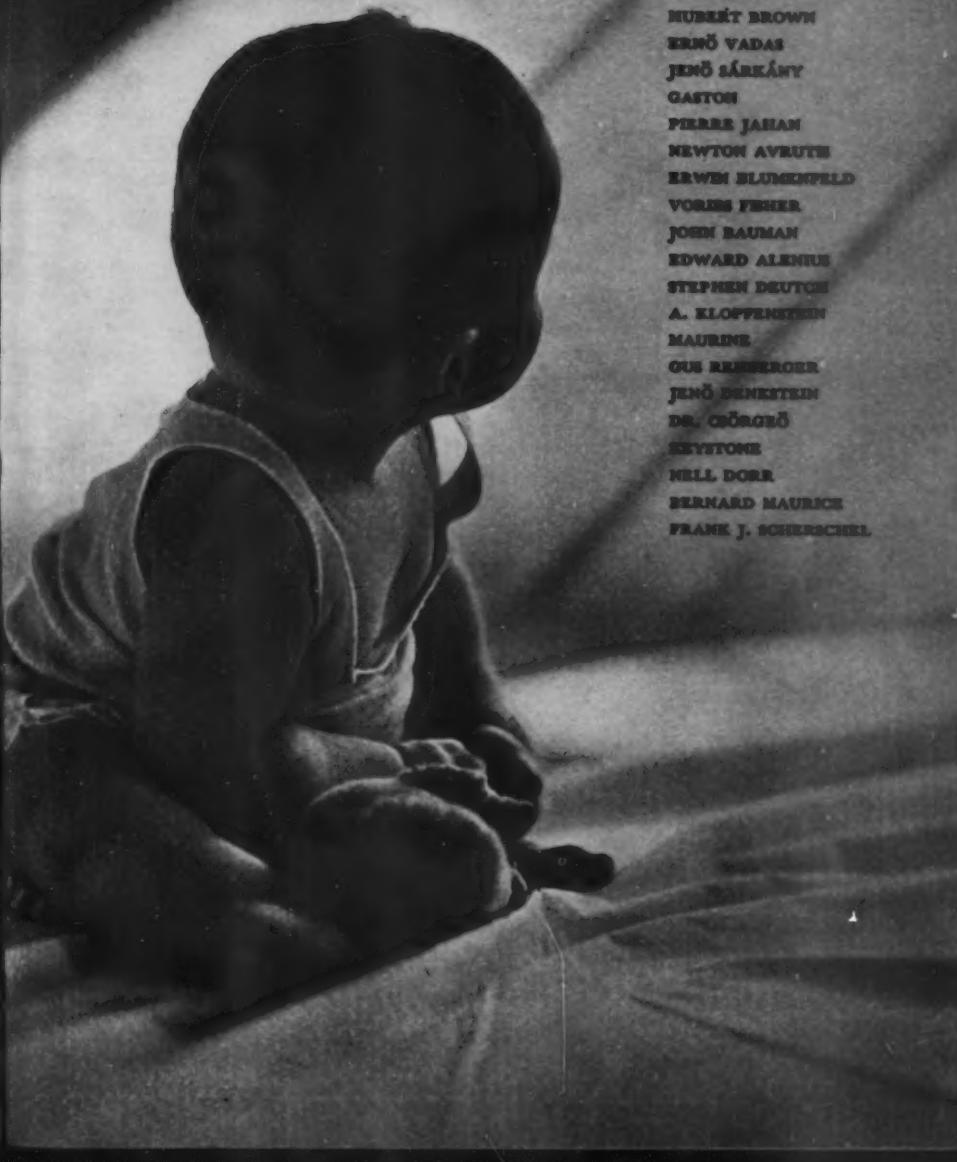
their very useful knack of bloodlessly amputating their tails. By operating special muscles and ligaments, the lizard leaves the tail flipping about on the ground (where it will wiggle and squirm for about an hour), makes his escape and grows another tail.

The archer fish of Malaysia has a deep groove down the roof of its mouth which, when the tongue is placed along it, forms a natural blowpipe. Through this blowpipe, the fish shoots its insect-prey with little pellets of water.

—KERMIT RAYBORN

Gallery of Photographs

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ERWIN BLUMENFELD
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Snowcap

IRVING B. LINCOLN, PORTLAND, ORE.



E. MEERKÄMPER, DAVOS, SWITZERLAND

Swiss Interval



Crescendo

HUBERT BROWN, BURLINGAME, CALIF.

ERNÖ



ERNŐ VADAS, BUDAPEST

Diminuendo



Regimented Society

FROM FARM SECURITY ADMIN.

JENÖ



JENŐ SÁRKÁNY, SOPRON, HUNGARY

Rugged Individualist



Fallen Star

GASTON, FROM VICTOR LEON PIER



PIERRE JAHAN, PARIS

Steel Network



Dracula

NEWTON AVRUTIS, NEW YORK

ERW



ERWIN BLUMENFELD, NEW YORK

Modern Line



The Retriever

VORIES FISHER, CHICAGO

JO



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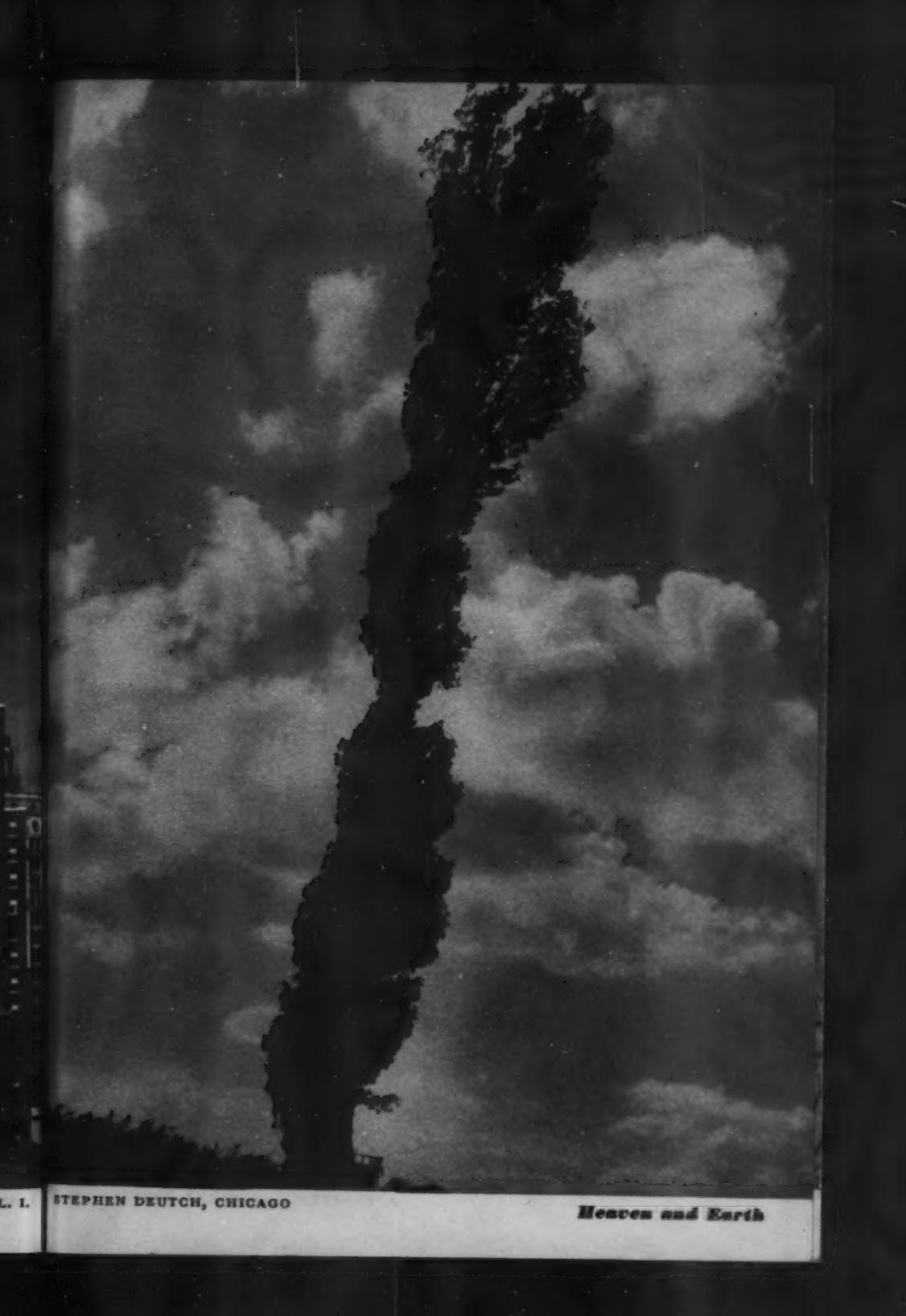
JOHN BAUMAN, FROM BLACK STAR

Swansong



Smoke and Steel

EDWARD ALENIUS, JAMAICA, L. I.



L. L.

STEPHEN DEUTCH, CHICAGO

Heaven and Earth



Shi-wake

A. KLOPFENSTEIN, BERNE, SWITZERLAND



Morning Glory

MAURINE. BOB STATIONWOOD



MAURINE, HOLLYWOOD

Morning Glory

A dark, atmospheric landscape featuring a bright, glowing horizon line that suggests a rising sun or a distant campfire. The foreground is deep in shadow, while the horizon and upper portion of the image are brightly lit, creating a strong sense of depth and mystery.

Adventure in Contentment



RUTH BERNHARD, NEW YORK



JENŐ DENKSTEIN, BUDAPEST

Broken Doll



The Struggle

DR. CSÖRGEÖ, BUDAPEST



APEST KEYSSTONE, NEW YORK

The Sleighride

Invocation

NELL DORR, NEW YORK



ORK

BERNARD MAURICE, PARIS

Thunder Below



On Moonlight Bay

FRANK J. SCHERSCHEL, FROM PUBlix

London Laughs

LCountless stories have been told and retold about the little people of England's bomb-sieged capital. Here are still a few more, gleaned at first hand

• • • The humor of shopkeepers and the little men of London, where bombing raids inspire saucy comebacks, has been celebrated in widely repeated anecdotes. Here are a few you may not have heard:

News vendors are now at liberty to write their own headlines on the placards because paper shortage prevents newspapers from issuing new posters with every edition. The newsboy who heralded a defeat of the elusive Italian Navy with the lettering, **WOP NAVY WINS BOATRACE**, sold out his papers to an amused crowd.

A grimy teashop, its windows smashed and its front blown in, displayed this sign an hour after the raiders had gone: "Goering May Have Command of the Air Today, But We Still Have Command of the Teas—Come In!"

When his shop was burned to the ground, an old paperhanger felt he

could not pass up a reference to Hitler's pre-dictator occupation. On a stake in front of his ruined store he pinned a card: "Professional Jealousy Did This!"

L• • • At the peak of the air attacks on London, there were never more than 1,000,000 sleeping in the subways and underground public shelters. Another 2,000,000 slept in private shelters, while almost 4,000,000 continued to sleep in their homes. Many bedded down under the stairs, generally considered the safest place in a house, in closets and underneath tables, but the vast majority continued to sleep in their beds.

One could dine, dance and go to bed on the same underground level at the swank Savoy Hotel, which pro-

vided separate underground sleeping quarters for single men and women, others for married couples. Those who snored found themselves gently wakened by a dinner-jacketed attendant and guided to an outcast section labeled "Snorers." At Claridge's, Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands occupied a settee in the shelter for some weeks, and when she left there was a mad scramble among the women guests to get the "bed the Queen slept in."

At the other end of the shelter scale is The Arches, a railway warehouse in the East End where, in the first weeks of the air attacks, 14,000 Londoners huddled in indescribable filth. Sanitary facilities consisted of two buckets.

Newspaper publicity along with reform agitation gradually brought about improved conditions. Wooden bunks were built into the warehouse and sanitary cabinets installed. As in the subways and other large public shelters, every bunk holder was given a ticket which entitled him to that bed as long as he did not absent himself more than three nights in a row.



• • • Londoners have accepted the fact that blackouts and life in the public air-raid shelters have led to lower moral standards.

Their tolerant, easy-going attitude is best summed up in two stories that were favorites in the English capital, one of them about a girl in a crowded

shelter who said, "Take your hands off my knee, you dirty beast. No—not you—you!"

An interesting wartime character in the second story was the female commandant of the squad of fifty women army lorry drivers who ordered: "Everyone who is pregnant take one step forward." Forty-nine girls stepped out.

"What's the matter, Miss Jones, didn't you hear me?" shouted the commandant at the girl who remained.



• • • The last lemon to make its appearance in blitzkrieged London caused almost as much of a stir as a cabinet crisis. It was publicly auctioned off for \$25, the proceeds going toward the purchase of a Spitfire. London's last onions were treated with even more respect. A facetious grocer put five of them on a velvet cloth inside a chained glass case in his window and marked them, "Precious Exhibit—Not for Sale."

A PRINTED NOTICE on each seat in Westminster Abbey reads, "In the event of an air raid alarm, the congregation is requested to leave with all due reverent haste."

BEAUTY EDITORS, advising their readers how to make the most of their rationed cosmetics, suggest: "Rub lipstick in well, so that it doesn't come off on cigarette tips!"

—ALLAN A. MICHEL



Royalty on Ice

• • • Part sport, part ballet, figure skating is by no means new. As early as 1642, an Edinburgh, Scotland, skating club took only members who could "skate a complete circle on each foot and jump over first one, then two, then three hats."

Figure skating is new, however, as one of America's most popular forms of entertainment. And while, as such, it is an importation from Europe, it was an American, Jackson Haines, who taught the Europeans how. Failing to please Civil War Americans, he took his "spinning to music" act overseas, caused an enthusiastic uproar.

Today, if Europe still leads the way on ice—at least it does so on American ice. And meanwhile the influence of figure skating is quickly apparent all over America.

Gone is the old frozen lake, where stocking-capped youngsters once skated arm in arm. Today's barelegged children, garbed in smartly tailored skating outfits or ballet skirts, whirl and spin to "canned" music on sheltered, artificial ponds.

For today, skating is big business. Ask any skate manufacturer (skates now come in all colors); ask the ice impresarios whose shows play nightly to packed houses; ask civic leaders whose towns annually play host at gigantic winter carnivals.

Yes, skating is big business—and the men and women largely responsible are the professional figure skaters.

On the following pages, nine of these so-called "Kings and Queens of the Ice" will whirl before you—each with a brief biographical sketch. There's a pair of "Knaves," too, just for good measure.



Montgomery Wilson

Toronto, Canada, lays claim to Montgomery Wilson, ten times Canadian figure skating champion and many times runner-up to Karl Schaefer of Austria, the greatest skater of modern times.

Mr. Wilson, along with his sister, learned to manipulate on ice from his mother who had once been presented with a pair of silver skates by the then Governor General of the Dominion of Canada.

In 1929, the Wilsons won respectively the men's and women's championships of Canada, holding them until they had deserted competition—she to retire, he to try a hand at the

more lucrative professional field.

Now a teacher and producer of ice shows, Mr. Wilson currently resides in St. Paul, Minnesota, traveling to California each spring to exchange notes with others of his profession.

He considers himself fortunate to be established in St. Paul, the skating center of America, if there is such a thing. His lessons are booked solid in advance from year to year—there's even a waiting list for last minute cancellations.

Meanwhile he helps run the annual winter carnival up there.

About two years ago, Mr. Wilson applied for his first U. S. citizenship papers; he has not, as yet, applied for a marriage license.

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Maribel Vinson

Once an honor student at Cambridge's swank Radcliffe College (Class of '33) Maribel Vinson is easily icedom's intellectual. Her first job was as the *New York Times'* first woman sports writer. Today, she still writes magazine articles and books on skating.

Figure skating has pretty much dominated Miss Vinson's entire career. Starting on double-runners, at 16 she placed fourth in the Olympics.

Since then, she has won nine U.S. amateur championships in ten tries—placed in two more Olympics—and, as a professional, produced a series of ice shows with her husband and partner, Guy Owen, whom she married in 1938, after talking him into quitting his Montreal bank job.

Last summer the pair headed the first ice show to tour South America.



Evelyn Chandler

"Queen Mother" of the ice is a term that could well be applied to Evelyn Chandler.

As a pioneer trouper among professional women figure skaters (she's been at it twelve years) she can easily claim seniority in point of experience. Moreover, as the mother of two boys, she is an exception in her profession.

Born and raised in Brooklyn, Eve-

lyn is one skater who did *not* start skating in rompers. As a matter of fact, she was considered an awkward child, taking dancing to acquire grace.

She acquired plenty of it. Today, as one of the stars of the fabulous *Ice Follies*, she skates individually and with her husband, Bruce Mapes. Spectacular, rather than glamourous, she is noted for her series of "butterfly" spins, for her splitjumps and for her thrilling Arabian cartwheels.

Most of the time Evelyn Chandler is on tour (about 500,000 miles thus far, she estimates).

Just the same, in private life as Mrs. Mapes, she maintains a delightful country home at Fairhaven, New Jersey, where her sons attend school.









Bess Ehrhardt & Roy Shipstad

Mr. and Mrs. Shipstad in everyday life, Bess and Roy, have been associated during their entire professional careers. They met in Duluth, Minnesota (her home was across the harbor in Superior, Wisconsin) when she applied one morning as his pupil.

Later, while Roy was being featured in a Chicago night club skating act, she again applied—this time as a skate-chorine in his show. They were married in 1935, becoming the Veloz and Yolanda of the ice. In addition, both do individual routines.

Bess's specialty has been an Indian routine with full regalia, head dress

and all. Her newest number is patterned after Carmen Miranda, capitalizing on the current U. S. trend towards Latin-American fellowship.

Known to be one of the hardest workers on ice, Miss Ehrhardt practices hours daily in addition to her performances—each of which, incidentally, calls for more skating than an average skater in a hockey game.

Roy Shipstad's main attribute on the ice lies in the amazing speed with which he performs the forty odd figures which comprise his routine. He's actually been clocked at thirty miles per hour—leaves the ice at the conclusion of his "single" at full speed in the midst of a maneuver known as a "spread-eagle." It looks like one, too.



→ LeVerne

It was a doctor's prescription which first launched LeVerne on her career as a professional skater. As a child ballerina in her native Kansas City, she was advised to take to the ice to correct badly weakened ankles.

LeVerne took to it like a duck to water, later answered a call for chorus skaters and got her big chance.

Today, the once classic-minded dancer has reversed her field, does jitterbug and comedy numbers. She is billed as "the hottest thing on ice."

Currently featured in the musical ice show, *It Happens on Ice*, LeVerne is aided by beautiful face and figure.

Vera Hruba →

Blonde Vera Hruba traces her name in headlines less to her skating ability—which is spectacular—than to the fact that she once turned down three thousand marriage offers in one week!

The Czechoslovakian skater became a cause célèbre when U.S. immigration authorities ruled her visitor's permit expired. Her story and photo in newspapers brought a flood of marriage proposals from men all over America. Washington ironed out the case, however, and Vera took out first papers last year.

Her skating career began early, found her placing second to Sonja Henie in the Olympics at thirteen.



Dorothy Lewis —

"I never had to work so hard in my life," sighed Dorothy Lewis, completing her assignment as skater-actress in the motion picture *Ice-Capades*.

To Miss Lewis, whose most notable skating experience was gained in the high priced Iridium Room of New York's St. Regis Hotel, the "work" was not so much in skating as in reading her lines. She acquitted herself admirably, however.

As a hobby, Miss Lewis collects "skate" jewelry, such as her pair of miniature skates, made of gold and set in precious stones. Her home is in St. Paul, Minnesota.



— Megan Taylor

Born 21 years ago at Wimbledon, England, Megan Taylor came by her skating honestly. Her father, a trick skater, originated ice-skating on stilts.

Tall, auburn-haired and uncommonly easy to look at, Miss Taylor's ambition is to be an actress. As experience she offers time spent in English repertory companies—plus a skating part in the motion picture, *Ice-Capades*.

Her first British championship was won when she was only eleven.

In her last amateur appearance, she walked off with the figure skating championship of the world—right into a professional career.





Eddie Shipstad & Oscar Johnson

Combining three important functions of the theater and sports world, Eddie Shipstad and Oscar Johnson are co-owners, producers and comedy skating stars of the famous *Ice Follies*, Ziegfeld-like production which, six years ago, started the current wave of ice revues.

These two clowns of the ice, raised in St. Paul, Minnesota, have played to more than 5,000,000 people during the life of their show.

Their act differs from most comedy skating teams in that it is carefully

rehearsed over a marked course. From night to night their positions on the skating surface vary only a few inches at any given point in their act.

But it is as showmen that the team of Shipstad and Johnson—together with brother Roy Shipstad (p. 103)—can be adjudged most successful, financially at least.

Originators of the first all-professional traveling figure skating show in America, they have refined their profession by the addition of such refinements as colored ice, extravagant costuming—parlaying their original investment into a staggering piece of show property.

*While Flirtation Walk sprouts cobwebs, modern
West Pointers work in dungarees, learning
the business of panzer warfare from bottom up*



Factory for Panzer Brains

by HOWARD WHITMAN

AMERICA'S most vital defense factory, located on the Hudson River, sixty miles north of New York City, has no smoking chimneys, no assembly line. Its raw material is youth, aged seventeen to twenty-two. Its finished product is panzer brains, a new type of mentality, without which armored cars, dive bombers and tanks would be mere piles of junk.

The factory is known as West Point. It has been thrown into high gear by the exigencies of panzer war. Its new superintendent, Robert L. Eichelberger, who was recently raised to the rank of Major General, is mainly interested in producing men of steel.

As you will gather from his name, Battling Bob Eichelberger is tough soldier material himself. With the A. E. F. in Siberia in 1919, he won the Distinguished Service Cross for single-

handedly covering the withdrawal of a trapped platoon under withering Bolshevik fire. On another occasion he marched a single Bolshevik to the enemy lines and traded him on the spot for four American prisoners.

One of the four was Austen Fribley, whom Eichelberger never saw again until November, 1940. That was when Eichelberger came to West Point, where he found Fribley serving as a warrant officer.

Battling Bob will usually be found behind his desk in shirtsleeves. His vocabulary, often vivid beyond Webster's words, shocks many of the old-timers.

"I want quickly to adapt the lessons of this war," he told me, "I insist that our cadets learn everything that's to be learned from this war. I won't stand for anything less from them."

In its revamping process, West Point's first stride was into the air. In September, 1941, for the first time in West Point history, cadets were being taught to fly. Sharp contrast to September, 1940, when a cadet had to get his parents' permission even to be taken for a ride in an airplane!

At Stewart Field, West Point's flying base twelve miles north of the academy proper, I saw the first class of flyers going up in their smart PT19A trainers. They won't do any soloing; that is, except at Langley Field, where the picked flyers will go for specialized Air Corps training after graduation. But they'll do a good deal of dual flying.

In charge of West Point flying is Major John M. Weikert, a crack Army airmen who reminds you of Brian Donlevy in *I Wanted Wings*. Things have come a long way since last year, when there were ten planes at Stewart Field, flown by fourteen Air Corps officers who went up chiefly to maintain their flying hours.

When I talked with Major Weikert, he said twenty-two new planes were on order and the objective was to have flying classes of one hundred cadets by March 1.

Major Weikert divides his classes into three groups and rotates them from day to day. One studies the paper

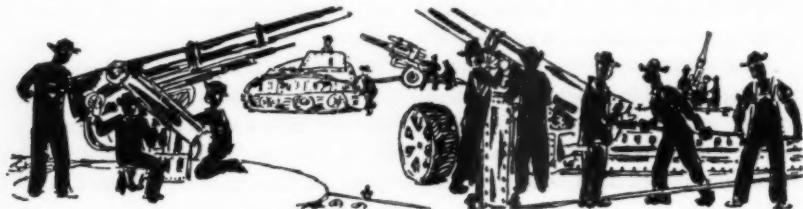
work: how to clear aircraft, how to make reports, how to give and take weather information. The second group learns about motors: how to give the plane its daily inspection, how to detect motor faults, how to fiddle with a motor intelligently. The third group flies.

In addition to the cadets who aspire to the Air Corps, every cadet at West Point—whether he's bound for the Infantry, Artillery or Tank Cavalry—will be trained as an air observer. For Eichelberger knows that armies which used to travel on their bellies now depend upon wings.

WINGED WARFARE is but one of many new developments which World War II has yielded. In section rooms, or classrooms, cadets study the others.

To watch Lieut. Colonel T. D. Stamps at work in a section room, you might think he was the football coach. But a closer look reveals that those chalked formations on the blackboard are not quarterback sneaks. They are plays from Hitler's notebook.

No sooner is a major campaign of the war completed than all available military facts about it are gathered at West Point and digested into pamphlets for cadet study. The material is secret. Much of it comes from con-





fidential reports of Uncle Sam's few remaining listening posts in Europe. Some of it is pieced together from reports of U. S. Military attaches still in Nazi domains. In the case of certain confidential data, West Point has one of possibly four or five closely guarded copies.

At the blackboard and with huge colored maps, Lieut. Colonel Stamps and his colleagues teach cadets the arts of panzer war. They sweep away misconceptions of the blitzkrieg and show it to be plain classical strategy, plus gasoline, wheels and timing.

Hitler's smashing drive into France, for example, was a repetition of Napoleon's first Italian Campaign in 1796. Napoleon thrust through the center of the enemy lines, broke them into two parts and then gobbled up one part at a time. Hitler knifed through Sedan, slicing the Allied defenders into two parts. He then turned northward to gobble up one half, bringing on Dunkirk. Next he turned southward against the other half and smashed France into submission.

These and other battles are fought and re-fought on maps and blackboards until our officers of tomorrow can see World War II as if it were a football game in slow motion.

Test yourself on an easy question: what was the essential difference be-

tween the drive against Poland and the drive against France? You probably don't know, because the real understanding of a campaign never comes out until the newspapers have forgotten it. In Poland, Hitler smashed through with infantry first. After infantry had opened a hole in the Polish lines, he sent tank divisions through the gap. France expected the same type of attack. Instead, Hitler sent his tank divisions first. They cracked the French lines, and then infantry poured through the gap.

Cadets analyze all this. Why did Hitler change his method? For the sake of surprise? Because France was prepared to meet infantry? Because of the superiority of French roads? Whatever it was, the cadets will find out.

PANZER BRAINS, the brains of men behind the machines, are not turned out overnight. War being what it is today, West Point must turn out brains that could stack up with those of college professors. Have you any idea of what goes into the process?

I asked Colonel C. L. Fenton, West Point's professor of chemistry and electricity, just what I, for example, would have to do in order to train my brains for officership in the Army. He smiled dryly and replied, "You'd take the same courses our cadets do:

"Two years of mathematics, two years of English, one year of French, two years of mechanical drawing, one year of physics, one year of history, one year of Spanish, a second year of Spanish or one year of German, one year of surveying, one year of chemistry and electricity, one year of mechanics, one year of engineering, one year of military history, one year of economics and government, one year of law, and one year of ordnance and gunnery."

Perhaps this dose of book learning is a clue to why West Point has come to be known in some quarters as "Hell on the Hudson."

LANGUAGE STUDY follows the fortunes of war. French was formerly a two year course. But with France knocked out of the war, it has been cut to one year and an additional year of Spanish. Spanish and Portuguese, being the tongues of South America, are both vital to hemisphere defense.

German was introduced in the fall of 1941. One hundred picked cadets began a year's comprehensive course. It will come in handy for study of the German military records of the war. At least, that is the official reason for it. In case of a fight with Hitler, however, it might come in even handier.

Outside the classroom, panzer brains are schooled for action as well as thought. Here the cadet learns mastery over the machines of war.

New weapons being developed in defense factories go to West Point straight from the assembly line. This means that cadets who busied them-

selves with ancient French 75's only a year ago can now handle the latest Uncle Sam has to offer.

Tanks, however, are slow in coming. Because of the urgency of supplying Army tank divisions that have been tank-less, West Point has been asked to wait. In the meantime, tank tactics are taught with blackboard diagrams and armored cars.

SOME TWENTY YEARS ago, every West Point cadet got 225 hours of horseback training. Today, the horse has given way to the Jeep and scout car. In maneuvers over West Point's 8,000 acres, cadets are taught convoys, motor advances, supply movements.

Of course, what with the speed and mobility of gasoline tactics, the old West Point confines have been outgrown. Only last year the reservation comprised 4,000 acres; now it has grown to 8,000 and, in a year, it will be 14,500 acres.

This means more room for the August maneuvers, when cadets stage make-believe war with everything from pontoon bridges to dive bombers. The maneuvers last August were so vastly extended as to make past maneuvers seem like Punch and Judy shows. Every facet of blitz war was touched upon.

As a matter of fact—and for the first time — Fifth Columnists were even included. There was plenty of surprise in one infantry platoon when a fisherman in a dilapidated dory pulled a machine gun from beneath a tarpaulin and began to pepper them

(with blanks, of course) as they took their positions along the shoreline.

There's good reason for Fifth Column consciousness. After all, it was West Point which Benedict Arnold schemed to betray for \$30,000 during the Revolutionary War. And West Point still remembers Arnold—in a grim manner. In the Old Cadet Chapel, where there are black marble plaques to the Revolutionary generals, one plaque bears only the words, "Major General ———, born 1741."

ANOTHER Arnold, certainly not to be confused with the first, has played an important part in the rounding out of panzer brains. Major General Henry H. Arnold, chief of the Army air forces, went to West Point recently to report on how American planes are faring on Europe's war-fronts. He is one of a long series of important visitors whom Eichelberger calls upon to give cadets the latest dope, straight from the feedbox.

Still not contented, Battling Bob Eichelberger is sending his cadets on

observation trips of their own.

He sends detachments of cadets to Fort Benning, Georgia, to study tank and parachute warfare; to Fort Hancock to study submarine mines, coast artillery and anti-aircraft; to the Aberdeen Proving Ground to see armored divisions in action; to Fort Monmouth to see how the Army uses television and to study aircraft detection; to Langley Field to study aerial war.

At Fort Benning, cadets have been given a taste of parachute jumping. Taken up in training towers, they were given a chance to find out what it really means to float through the air with the greatest of ease.

Today, instead of teaching cadets how to land gently on their bottoms when tossed from a horse, West Point is showing them how to hit earth in a parachute.

—*Suggestions for further reading:*

WEST POINT TODAY by Kendall Banning Funk and Wagnalls Co., New York	\$2.50
ARMIES ON WHEELS by S. L. A. Marshall William Morrow & Co., New York	\$2.50



Improving on the Dictionary

Mike Romanoff: "Aristocracy is a state of mind."

Chang Ch'ao: "Literature is landscape on the desk; landscape is literature on earth."

Disraeli: "Variety is the mother of enjoyment."

Next time your friend complains bitterly about the scarcity of domestic help—confront her with some of these sad, but true, facts



The Vanishing Domestic

by ISHBEL ROSS

WANTED: Cook-Houseworker, experienced, dependable, cheerful and willing, for isolated house half mile from village; 2 adults, 2 children, 4 and 1; laundry and sewing.

SITUATION WANTED: Housekeeper, good cook, wants situation in city near transportation; washes silk only; please state salary offered in first letter.

MRS. NEVINS GAZED through the misty wisp of veiling that edged her hat, a look of blank despair in her eyes.

She was one among eleven housewives waiting at an employment agency, all with the same intent look focussed on the door through which the dream domestic might step into view—or, indeed, any domestic at all.

It was no longer a question of choice based on price, efficiency and references, but simply of getting hold of someone willing to wash dishes and clean house, no matter how unskilled her work.

Mrs. Nevins thought wistfully of

her sink piled high with the morning's debris, of her small son rushed off to school from a late and skimpy breakfast, of her husband's ill-humor over his coffee, of the four guests due for dinner that night. A maid at any price, she decided, mentally letting slip on the \$75 a month she had fixed as the ultimate deadline. Once she would have winced at \$55.

But Miss Murray appeared alone from the adjoining room, no maid in tow, no hope in sight, not even a \$90 bet.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Nevins," she said. "Not one girl has turned up whom you could even interview. Two promised to come in, but that's how it is day after day. They simply don't show up—even my old and trusted girls."

"So there's nothing doing at any price?" asked Mrs. Nevins tentatively.

Miss Murray sighed. "It's the same tale from everyone. And the same answer. We can't fill thirty percent of our calls. Just look at those empty

benches next door. They used to be filled at any hour of the day. The answer, of course, is defense. The girls are making \$22, \$25 and \$30 a week in factory jobs. Their hours are fixed. They're free agents. It's wonderful for them. They like it. One of my best Swedish girls turned down \$100 a month cold the other day—a splendid job—in order to make the same money in a factory. She preferred it, although she was losing out on maintenance.

"The married ones don't have to bother, either, for their husbands are doing so well at last. Add to that the blank years on immigration and what have you? Certainly not a new generation. The last trained crop has been thinning for years, with marriage and shifts in population."

Last spring was bad in the agencies. This autumn was chaos. What next spring will be like, no one knows. The girls who used to flock in from Pennsylvania (always a great feeding ground), from up-state New York, from the South, are sitting pretty now. They're in the mills. They're busy in factories. Or they're on relief. Detroit is bad, Chicago's worse. Today's drift is towards part-time help.

"The real drift now," said Mrs. Nevins, sadly crushing out her cigarette, "is self-help—the housewife digging in herself. This is my third agency this morning without a single interview."

SEVEN OF THE ELEVEN women trailed out after Mrs. Nevins. Miss Murray watched them go. It's partly their own fault, she thought, remembering the

countless tales she had heard in twenty years of humiliating treatment, poor living quarters, meager pay and above all, unreasonable hours.

Actually, domestic service heads the list of gainful occupations for women in this country. And even before defense industries made such inroads on the supply, the turnover was appalling. Maids have always come and gone with seasonal frequency and with endless friction. In the large cities the spring and fall shake-ups have been automatic, assuming that employer and maid have not run into stormy weather in mid-season.

But now the old grievances seem minor in face of the most serious shortage since the domestic became an integral part of the more prosperous American home. Agencies all over the country echo the same story. Girls who used to come from farms in the Middle West have fairer prospects dangling before them now. The high school student is deaf to the pleas of various agencies eager to enlist her interest. The trained domestic, seeing other occupations stabilized in hours and wages, is aloof to the blandishments now being offered her. There are other straws in the wind. Only among German domestics is there any lag. Although their excellence is conceded, employers are slow to hire them now, and many have lost the jobs they held.

"We couldn't talk freely about the war at table," said one woman who had let her German maid go.

The Finnish agencies report that their girls are still coming in, because

the Finns do not care for factory work but are thoroughly grounded in domestic service. However, the wages they seek discourage even the most desperate employer. The Swedes and the British, always rated tops in training and deportment, cannot be had at any price, except in the luxury field of specialists, and even here the choice is running short.

There is no fixed scale of wages any longer. An employer pays from twenty-five to forty percent more a month and does not stop to inquire too closely into references. A girl who can do plain cooking and has some training in housework draws down \$80 or \$85 where once \$65 was her price. Even the inexperienced get \$65. Expert cooks range all the way from \$85 to \$125; chambermaids and waitresses get \$60 to \$75, where their old scale was \$45 to \$60. Married couples who used to abound at \$100-\$125 now get \$160-\$170 and are hard to find. The men are now getting enough in other fields to support their homes. The scale for nurses has zoomed also. After declining to the \$50-\$60 level, it is up in the \$80-\$90 brackets again.

THIS, OF COURSE, represents a prosperous social level. It takes no account of the girls who have worked for years on miserable wages and are cheerfully stepping out into other lines now that the opportunities present themselves. A survey of 17,000 homes throughout the country, made some time ago, showed that seventy-five percent of the general house workers made less than \$50 a month, and one-

half of them less than \$40. One out of six worked more than twelve hours a day. Two out of six worked more than ten hours.

Forums and clinics have tackled the subject in a few cities, but so far there has been more talk than action. The frantic housewife continues to scramble for what she can get, and conditions remain unchanged, except for the rise in wages. In vain do the more social-minded employers point out that their maids have ample time off, that their work is pleasant, that they are well-paid, that they have comfortable rooms and baths to themselves and that they are treated with dignity.

THE SENSE of grievance persists on both sides, and the emergency is getting more and more acute. In a number of cases, women have closed their homes and moved into apartment hotels. The all-day nursery school has helped the suburban housewife, taking her children off her hands for the day. In this way, many women who previously kept help are able to run their homes themselves. However difficult it is to get maids for the city apartment, the suburban shortage is even more critical. Salesmen can testify to the fact that in place of the neatly aproned maid they used to encounter, the door opens often now to disclose the person they always wished to see—the lady of the house.

A number of public and private organizations such as the W.P.A. and the Y.W.C.A. are conducting training centers throughout the country, to

improve the status of the domestic worker and to make her a more satisfactory employee. The "Y" has 15,000 women who are working actively to enhance their skills in the domestic field. The Institute of Practical Arts in San Francisco, the Household Employees Training Service of the Oklahoma public schools and the Philadelphia Institute on Household Occupations represent the newer type of school.

IN PHILADELPHIA a nine-roomed house is used to simulate the average home. Girls are brought in from high school and receive intensive training in cleaning, cooking, laundering, service, child care and work attitudes. They must be healthy, interested in domestic work and reasonably attractive before they are accepted. Each worker is followed up after she gets a position.

Miss Eleanor Adler, daughter of Felix Adler, attacks the problem from the health angle with her Bureau of Part Time Employment in New York, founded to get short-day work for women. Here all the stress is laid on health tests which protect the worker and ensure the employer a clean bill of health in the kitchen.

X-ray and Wasserman tests and general physical examination attest to the domestic's suitability for the care of children and the preparation of food. This is a movement with strong medical support, since the rec-

ords show how frequently tuberculosis is spread through the domestic worker, as in the well known case of the New York physician whose three children were infected by a maid, one of them dying of tuberculosis.

According to the U.S. Employment Service, there was a shortage of trained household workers in 500 cities even

before defense industries began to hum and purr all over the country. Half of all the household employees were, and still are, Negroes, but this American tradition is on the wane too. The colored agencies in the North are frankly unable to fill ten percent of their calls and a good general can demand \$80 a month. Relief is the chief stumbling block here.

At one time an advertisement in an out-of-town paper brought colored girls flocking in to the city agencies. Now this is forbidden in New York, and the girls are drifting away from Harlem.

LAST SEPTEMBER the National Council on Household Employment, Inc., launched a movement to have training in home management included in the appropriation of funds for defense training. Wisconsin has a minimum wage bill for women in domestic service. The State of Washington limits the working hours of domestics to sixty a week. The City of Newark and the State of North Carolina require health certificates, and New Jersey includes domestics



under its work compensation laws. But all these measures are mere isolated drops in an ocean of discontent.

The Women's Bureau of the U.S. Department of Labor has summed up both sides of the argument, as follows:

- (1) The girls lack skill and training.
- (2) They refuse to assume responsibility. They are not dependable. They leave without notice.
- (3) They fail to assume a business-like approach to their work and employers. They foster resentment.

On the other side of the story:

- (1) The hours are inhumanly long.
- (2) Wages are low and are not based on capacity.
- (3) Lack of standardization.
- (4) Isolation from social contacts.
- (5) Social stigma.

- (6) Exclusion from social insurance and the protection of labor laws.
- (7) Training facilities are inadequate and unstandardized.

The answer? Unless women go to work on a problem so close to their own hearths by helping their less fortunate sisters towards a standardized and well-regulated occupation, where hours, wages and living conditions will at least measure up to the factory level, they must prepare to retreat into the home.

—*Suggestions for further reading:*

SPEAKING OF SERVANTS by Edith Barber	\$2.00
Whittlesey House, New York	
MAIDCRAFT by Lita Price and Harriet Bonnet	\$1.50
Bobbs-Merrill Co., New York	



Answers to questions on pages 69-70

1. Liberty	18. Time or Today	34. Woman's Home Companion
2. Good Housekeeping	19. Reader's Digest	35. Forum
3. Atlantic Monthly	20. Mademoiselle	36. Etude
4. New Yorker	21. American Mercury	37. Business Week
5. American Boy	22. Newsweek	38. Physical Culture
6. Peek	23. Pathfinder	39. You
7. College Humor	24. Police Gazette	40. Smart Set
8. American Mag.	25. Friday	41. House Beautiful
9. Esquire	26. Coronet	42. Fortune
10. New Republic	27. The Nation	43. Vogue
11. Spur	28. Click	44. Look
12. Judge	29. Life	45. Punch
13. Redbook	30. Elks Magazine (or Moose)	46. Vanity Fair
14. Parents	31. Woman's Day	47. Variety
15. Town & Country	32. Stage	48. Collier's
16. Sat. Evening Post	33. American Home	49. Cosmopolitan
17. Breezy Stories		50. Country Life

They fly through the air with the greatest of ease—these R. A. F. ladybirds—and in their graceful way wreak havoc on their enemies



Glamour with Guts

by KEITH AYLING

AN AMERICAN manufactured "Harvard" trainer slithered swiftly through the scudding clouds to a precise landing. A slim figure in natty blue flying overalls slipped down to the tarmac, walked smartly towards the R. A. F. squadron reception office. The flying helmet suddenly removed released a frolic of dark curls to the damp wind.

The senior officer nodded his iron gray head at the newcomer. "There you are," he exclaimed with pride. "Glamour with guts. You wouldn't believe it unless you saw it yourself."

They are an astonishing bunch of brilliant *femmes*,* these birdwomen of the A. T. A. (Air Transport Auxiliary). Up to the outbreak of the war they were just gals who had taught themselves to fly. Today they are

*R. A. F. slang for an attractive girl.

doing a man's work, ferrying R. A. F. ships from the supply base to the squadrons. And they share a man's dangers, although they get less pay because they are women.

An R. A. F. man *genned** me up to *ferry work*. A ferry pilot must know

**Genned*—informed or put wise to.

English-born Keith Ayling made his first flight at the age of thirteen in a man-lifting kite of his own invention. Result: one broken arm and a lifelong love of aviation. It was only natural that in 1917 he should wind up in France as a member of a bombing squadron. Post-World-War-I days found him trying to earn a living by giving airplane joy rides, washing taxicabs and farming. He even made a brief appearance in the boxing ring when a flying job left him stranded in southern France. There followed comparatively calm years when he was aviation and motoring correspondent for nine publications at once, and, in his spare time, film columnist and novelist. His latest book is the *Story of a Fighter Pilot* based on actual R.A.F. experiences.

the position of every balloon barrage and anti-aircraft zone in the locality she has to fly over. If she doesn't, she may not get a chance to learn again. Britain takes no chance with straying aircraft. She must know how to recognize the air station she is heading for, even if skillful camouflage makes it look like a river or a town. She must be able to strike the safety lane without crossing forbidden territory, and she must keep her eyes skinned for enemy prowlers.

A woman pilot landed recently as the air station anti-aircraft guns disposed of a Heinkel that had followed her down the air lane. "Oh, I knew he was on my tail," the bright young woman admitted over her cigarette. "But he might have blitzed you," warned a young pilot admiringly. "And you stood a darned good chance of getting biffed by our own *flak*."*

She grinned at him, "Well, if our ground defense people can't see the difference between our ship and a Heinkel, it's just too bad for me."

The A. T. A. girl ferry pilots are captained by Pauline Gower, daughter of an industrial magnate

who took her passenger carrying license ten years ago. Unable to get a job piloting airliners, although fully qualified, she ran her own barn—

**Flak*—R. A. F. slang for anti-aircraft fire usually German.

storming and private hire business.

Mona Friedlander, the Phi Beta Kappa glamour girl of the assembly and former international ice hockey star, actually did succeed in getting a regular job flying an airliner on the Service from the Scottish mainland to the Orkney Island. Meeting Mona you would never imagine she was a mathematical genius, that she could drive a racing car faster and surer than most men, or that she had a couple of thousand hours of flying in her log book. She is slim and lovely.

Oldest of the fliers at the beginning was Lady Bailey, recently retired on account of "flier's age." The youngest is twenty-three-year-old Joan Hughes who has been flying since she was seventeen.

WITH ALL THE other women's services the A. T. A. has had casualties. The first was Mrs. Grace Brown. On Christmas Day, 1939, an urgent call came from an advanced base in France. The need was a cargo of blood for transfusion purposes. Mrs. Brown's name was next on the roster. Later it was announced that she had been killed "on active service."

Most celebrated of these women eagles and of widely regretted loss was heroic Amy Johnson, the Newcastle butcher's daughter, who became England's first feminine flying ace. Amy, lion-hearted career girl, first flew to Australia, then to Africa. With her husband, Jim Mollison, she flew the Atlantic in the days when the crossing was a hazard. One gray stormy morning early this year the



Lieutenant Commander of a minesweeper saw her machine crash over the Thames Estuary. She died doing her routine duty of delivering an urgently wanted plane.

England may never draw on her vast resources of women pilots. Regulations forbid women pilots to fly fighter ships or fighter bombers, as this might be construed as a violation of international law which forbids use of women combatants.

Neither the R. A. F. proper nor the W. A. A. F.,* the outstanding auxiliary organization, have any women pilots. The A. T. A. girls are civilians and, as such, fly their ships without armament of any kind. If a girl pilot is attacked, she has to fly for it.

ALL OVER ENGLAND women work unceasingly for the R. A. F. In laboratories white-coated women chemists wrestle with tricky formulae to give high octane gas that extra plus. Bachelors of Science work on electrical devices to defend vital areas, female agents watch Air Ministry secrets, women dietitians evolve keep-fit diets for the pilots, blue uniformed air-women devote their spare time to planting and tending the vitamin-bearing carrots fed to the night flying pilots to improve their eyesight. Pains-taking older feminine hands peel the precious onions needed for some hush-hush defense material. (Don't ask me why Britain needs onions for defense, but she does, and these humble garden tear-spurters are so rare across the Atlantic that it is an unpatriotic crime

*Women's Auxiliary Air Force.

to eat onions at fifty cents a half pound if you can find them.)

The R. A. F. itself was quick to recognize the value of women on the ground in services auxiliary to aerial operations. Visit any air station in England today and you would think you were on the campus of a co-ed military academy. There are as many girls in blue as men. You see smartly dressed women officers and women sentries, canes under their arms, snapping out regulation salutes.

The oddest experience in this odd war is to stumble across an R. A. F. town, a seemingly ordinary suburban neighborhood, with neat trim houses and orderly vegetable gardens. You might pass through it at high speed without noticing anything amiss. If you lingered, something would hit you, for everyone is dressed in Air Force Blue. Here, in married quarters, officers of both sexes, non-commissioned officers and other ranks employed at the nearby air station, live as nearly normal lives as war time conditions make possible.

Woman's inroad into the British air force is a miracle of feminine progress. In the early days of the war, only three occupations were open to women—cooking, dishwashing and stenography. Today over 40,000 women—including 1,500 officers—follow nineteen different trades and services. They are everywhere, so





smart, so slick that to see them drill you might mistake them for a troop of Rockettes—so femininely glamorous with their subdued make-up and shingled hair and trim graceful figures, that they might be wearing uniforms for anything but the grim purpose of war.

The W. A. A. F. girls look well and feel well. They are encouraged to tend their figures, brassieres are a service issue, and the cotton lisle blue-grey colored stockings are not unflattering to slim legs, or cruel to thick ones.

Women who join the W. A. A. F. know that as well as replacing men for other duties (the primary aim of all the women's auxiliaries) they are actually helping the R. A. F. to win the war. Female hands and brains are everywhere accomplishing everything except actual shooting.

Consider the Spitfire pursuit ship in action. The pilot in sixteen seconds of rip-snorting attack disposes of his ammunition at the rate of 9,600 rounds a minute. Then he must ground his ship for his guns to be cleaned and recharged. The bullets in the replacement belts will have been filled, tested and belted by women.

A Merlin or an Allison engine in a fighter ship is sent to the workshops for overhaul. The head fitter is a man assisted by one or two women. Specially trained women test spark

plugs at a bench on which is a slogan, "The safety of an aircraft depends on your job." Other feminine fingers check and repair the instruments and radio.

On the aircraft itself a squad of girls get to work. They repair bullet holes, apply dope and patches. They inspect tires, and check the electrical equipment under the instructions of a male sergeant.

But there is even more active feminine participation!

WHEN A GERMAN flyer is spotted trying to cross the air defenses of England, a male watcher gives the first alarm. Then the girls take over. "Doris, they're coming," says a quiet voice up the line. Doris gets busy. "Coming, Joan," she calls, "Keep wise," and from that moment the destiny of Soaring Siegfried is in the hands of a series of highly trained girls. Gertrude at the teletype clicks out the information at lightning speed, Doris telephones it, Sergeant Mabel Jones will be doing calculations from the reports. She talks smooth audible instructions, and her assistants move flags on maps. Woman is at war.

The information passed by Doris to Joan and Joan to Brenda and flashed from air field to air field is needed for the vital job of dispatching pursuit ships to intercept the raiders. The brain of the R. A. F. is on the ground. The faster the girls work the more chance of a kill.

Round the air station are the barrage balloons, the "skunks" of aerial warfare. Airmen of both sides avoid

them. Ten thousand British women labor ceaselessly to keep the defensive sausages in the air. Balloons are vulnerable affairs. High winds, abrupt descents, and careless feet may rip and gash the fabric. As soon as the officer in charge reports such an eventuality, an R. A. F. truck arrives with a repair crew of girls who, like the seven dwarfs, merrily tinker up the sausage till it is windworthy again. One girl on this work was an "invisible mender" or "stoppeuse" in peace time. The change from stopping runs in hose to applying six foot patches to barrage balloons was good fun, she said.

But even this is not all.

Every air station in Britain has its blonde; she may not be in uniform but usually she is. She may not be beautiful, though English blondes usually are. Yet she has a definite position that she proudly holds without payment.

She might be a cook, a stenographer, a teletype operator or even a hush-hush observer, but if she were a genuine blonde, she would fit into the proud position of being the "station blonde." Her daily routine is to provide a blonde hair in perfect condition for use in the sensitive machine that undertakes the all- valuable weather conditions. This mechanical dragon demands daily a newly pulled blonde hair in perfect condition, un- sullied by bleaching or chemical shampoos, and preferably unharmed by a permanent wave. At the moment there is no likelihood of Britain having to borrow blonde hairs from the U. S. under the Lend Lease Act.

Everywhere you see the R. A. F. men you find the girls in blue. They work with the men and for them. They die with them. The first casualty lists with women's names gave the English a shudder. Now they are used to them. In death at least, British women have equality—in heroism too.

MANY OF THE W. A. A. F. have been decorated for supreme courage; thousands have performed the soldier's duty of sticking to their posts under appalling bombardment.

Slim, dark-haired Assistant Section Officer Pearson was a journalist photographer before the war. She taught herself to fly, joined the W. A. A. F. as a sick-quarter attendant attached to Coastal Command.

In bed one morning, she heard a machine coming in very low. She got up to see one of the station's aircraft returning disabled, and making a forced landing. On touching the ground, the aircraft burst into flames. Corporal Pearson ran out to help two of the crew who were uninjured extricate the pilot. As she was freeing him of his parachute, one of the machine's bombs blew up. Miss Pearson threw herself on top of the pilot to protect him from the blast and splinters. There were two more explosions as another bomb and the gas tank went off. Corporal Pear-



son stayed put. She and the pilot were nearly asphyxiated by blast and fumes, but his life was saved. Now promoted for her gallantry, Miss Pearson was awarded the British Empire Gallantry medal.

Another W. A. A. F. girl carried on with rescue work through a fierce assault on the air station, refusing to quit. After an hour she collapsed. The doctors found that a bomb splinter had broken her back. Another was in a communication post when the building was blasted without warning. She crawled under the table with her portable telephone switchboard and announced to the emergency Command Officer that everything was O. K. "But where are you?" he snapped. "You're not still up in the tower, are you?"

"I am, Sir," she replied. "The line's

still working, so I haven't moved."

These are the girls who came through. Many have died sticking patiently to vital posts, but there are always others anxious to fill the danger jobs. As England's aircraft industry develops it will make more demands on female labor.

If the war persists long enough for England to absorb her man power to the highest degree of efficiency, women will play a more important part in the maintenance of air power. Every R. A. F. man will be on active service in the fullest sense of the word, while the behind-the-line jobs will be taken over completely by women.

—*Suggestion for further reading:*

THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND

by Margaret Biddle (Mrs. Anthony Drexel Biddle) \$1.75
Houghton Mifflin Company, New York



Two-Bottle Man

ONE NIGHT after dinner, Alfred, Lord Tennyson was describing his new play to a guest, over a decanter of port. As the poet talked he drank, and, failing to notice that his companion's glass had been emptied of its first serving, proceeded to fill his own again and again until the decanter was drained.

"Excellent port," remarked Tennyson. "Shall we have another?"

The guest, hoping for a larger share of the next bottle, agreed,

but again he got only one glass, and Tennyson, completely absorbed in his talk, got all the rest.

Early next morning the guest awoke to find his host standing at the foot of his bed, regarding him gravely.

"How do you feel this morning?" Tennyson inquired.

"Fine, thanks," replied the guest.

"Tell me, Mr. M——," said the poet, "do you always drink two bottles of port after dinner?" —ADRIAN ANDERSON

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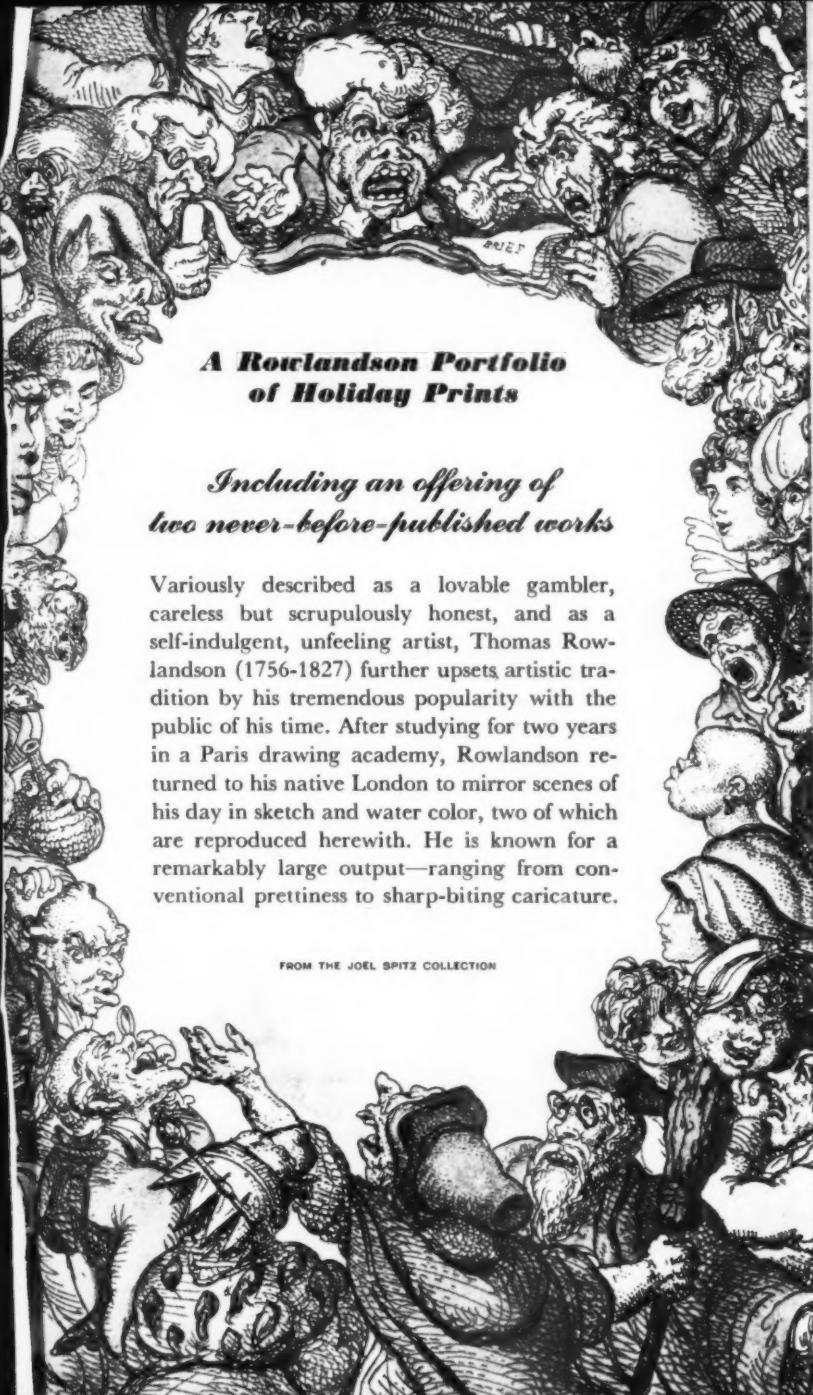
FROM THE JOEL SPITZ COLLECTION

Going Down to a Waterfall



BY THOMAS ROWLANDSON

a Watering Place



**A Rowlandson Portfolio
of Holiday Prints**

*Including an offering of
two never-before-published works*

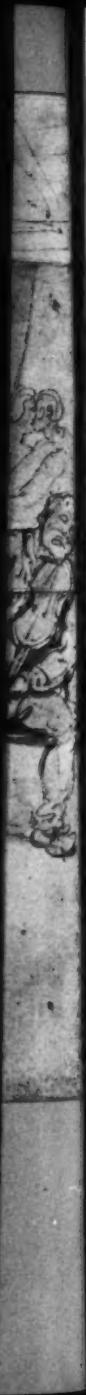
Variously described as a lovable gambler, careless but scrupulously honest, and as a self-indulgent, unfeeling artist, Thomas Rowlandson (1756-1827) further upsets artistic tradition by his tremendous popularity with the public of his time. After studying for two years in a Paris drawing academy, Rowlandson returned to his native London to mirror scenes of his day in sketch and water color, two of which are reproduced herewith. He is known for a remarkably large output—ranging from conventional prettiness to sharp-biting caricature.

FROM THE JOEL SPITZ COLLECTION



A Tailor's Wedding

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Fifty destroyers for 63,000 acres and a peck of trouble—a deal that the Yankee trader in Uncle Sam still regards with satisfaction



The Blue Caribbean Blues

by CHARLOTTE PAUL

THE MORNING of September 3, 1940, was muggy and clouded over in Washington, D. C. But despite the heat, nearly 400 members of the House had gathered. Something was up.

At 11:15, it happened at last. The clerk started to read President Roosevelt's message to Congress. "In the face of grave danger," the President said, he had traded Britain 50 over-age U. S. destroyers for a chain of naval and air sites.

The bombshell fell, burst, shattered into a thousand pieces.

A department store salesman in Boise, Idaho, said, "Well, I guess those destroyers were too old to be much good anyway."

In San Diego a waitress named Vivian said, "My husband says if they're good enough for the British, why don't we keep them ourselves."

Everyone was so concerned over the fact that we granted 50 destroyers to the British that no one looked at what we received in return.

Our take was 63,000 acres of land.

Pick up New York City's Borough of Queens. Divide it into seven pieces, some big, some small. Place these pieces at different points along a 3,000-mile line from Newfoundland to British Guiana. These patches would represent Britain's payment for destroyers which were out of date five years before *Sidewalks of New York* was the Democratic campaign tune.

They lie in Newfoundland, Bermuda, Antigua, Jamaica, St. Lucia, Trinidad and British Guiana. Lumped together, you could drive across them in two hours.

You probably know that Newfoundland lies off the coast of Canada



about 400 miles northeast of Maine. You may even know that Bermuda lies 580 miles east of the North Carolina coast. But can you locate the other five?

Let's take our fifth grade geography out of moth balls. There you'll see Jamaica—a large island off the southeast coast of Cuba. And Trinidad, St. Lucia and Antigua—all islands of the Lesser Antilles, stretching northward from British Guiana like a swinging door across the entrance to the Caribbean. The door hinges on British Guiana. Next is Trinidad, only six miles off the Venezuelan coast. Then in a gentle arc curving northwest lie St. Lucia and Antigua—with St. Thomas and Puerto Rico completing the swing.

The Lesser Antilles and their side-kick, British Guiana, are watch dogs of the Panama Canal, but anyone can go there.

You might go because you were in the liquor business—Trinidad is the home of Angostura bitters. You'd buy sugar in Antigua. Or you might be a government man bargaining for British Guiana's bauxite.

If you are on vacation, the chances are you'd be sidetracked by Bermuda or Nassau, where the beaches are broader, the breezes balmier and the drinks stiffer.

But assuming you want to go to the Lesser Antilles, how would you go?

You need plenty of time, or plenty

of money. Three steamship lines call at the islands, one American, two British. The British companies publish no sailing schedules.

You might have to wait two days, or it might be two weeks. Even when you sail, the steamer may park in New York harbor for a few days, and you won't be allowed to get off.

Of course, you can fly to the Lesser Antilles. Express planes take off from Miami for Trinidad on Sundays and Wednesdays, and local planes stop at all the islands every other day in the week. But a one-way ticket to Trinidad costs \$200.

BUT NOW LET'S consider some of the snags the United States ran into following the destroyers-for-bases swap.

First of all, high seas and shallow harbors make transporting Americans to the Caribbean a tough job even for the U. S. Army.

The seas along the Guiana coast are so rough that troops cannot be unloaded offshore. U. S. transports can't cross the shallow bar in Georgetown harbor. The entire U. S. detachment had to be unloaded at Trinidad, and carried by army plane to Atkinson Field, the U. S. air base in British Guiana.

St. Lucia presents more headaches. The island's chief bay is landlocked, its only outlet a narrow mouth 400 yards wide. Scratching their august heads, U. S. Army officers unloaded the St. Lucia detachment by barge in View Fort harbor, where Uncle Sam rents a 1,000-foot frontage.

The second problem the swap

brought down on our heads is a touchy diplomatic situation.

Americans will be elbowing the British in the Caribbean for 99 years. One problem is to get a toehold without pushing too many Britishers around.

Although the subject is strictly hush-hush, there is friction between Americans and British in the leased territories. It started when England offered sites which U. S. officials considered unfit for use.

But Britain gave in to U. S. demands. We got the sites we wanted. Wistfully, the governor of Trinidad begged Americans to "minimize the disturbance" to the normal life of the community.

Realizing that it is easier to move American doughboys in than British residents out, Uncle Sam is paying compensation to every Britisher whose property we take over, and in some cases agreed not to move residents until their death. There continues to be some friction, however.

HERE'S STILL another item which could be a stumbling block in the path of our Caribbean defense program: feeding the doughboys.

Unlike the British, American soldiers do not take to native cooking. The British start dinner with sour sop punch, a milky extract of native fruit, and dot their roast beef and Yorkshire pudding menus with native fruits and vegetables. Plantains which look like bananas, but taste like cornmeal. Tannia, which both looks and tastes like embalmed turnip. But while Tom-

mies stow this away, our doughboys want American grub, cooked the American way.

The Army has solved the problem by importing food. Americans in the Caribbean eat just as they would if they were in Fort Bragg. Typical imported meal in a U. S. mess hall includes beef, boiled potatoes, kidney beans, vegetable soup, stewed tomatoes, home-made bread, corn bread, two kinds of cake, stewed fruit and iced tea. Eventually this will make for more friction, though. The American commissary supplies will come in duty free, underselling the local British products.

FOR THIS and many other reasons, Uncle Sam has been growing deep worry lines ever since we swapped our antiquated destroyers for the Caribbean bases.

But one situation is firmly under his thumb—despite the scare publicity from Seattle to Tampa. That is the problem of keeping doughboys safe from tropical diseases.

Sickness is no bogey to the U. S. Army, even in islands populated by vampire bats, yellow fever and malaria mosquitoes, ten-foot snakes and scorpions. Of course the army works on the theory that if you don't die, you haven't been sick.

The vampire bat looks like a mouse-sized barn bat with a grudge. His teeth



are so sharp he can slit your toe while you sleep, and fastening on, suck till his stomach bulges. You won't die from loss of blood. But you can die from hydrophobia contracted from the bat's teeth.

Dr. John Bass, U. S. Army surgeon, claims there hasn't been a death from vampire bats in Trinidad for four and a half years.

As for yellow fever—U. S. health officers learned all about it in Panama, won't have to repeat the lesson in the Antilles. Inoculation is part of a soldier's routine, like drilling or beefing about the pay. In Lord Nelson's time, 100 men died from fever in a day. Now there isn't a case on the islands where a thirsty mosquito can pick up a germ.

BUT WHILE Army topnotchers worry on a large scale, the doughboy has worries of his own. He is the spoke in a wheel which someone else is turning so fast he can't see where he is going.

Food is fine. No complaints about the clothes, although he'll laugh at the report that Americans will soon wear "play suits" like the British—shorts, high socks and short-sleeved shirts. Quarters are what you'd expect in a few-months-old base—temporary.

But there's that 14-karat brain-twister, the monthly pay. For in Caribbean bases, the doughboy gets his monthly pay in



three different currencies.

At first it's smooth sailing. The finance officer calls his name, hands him his salary minus deductions for laundry and insurance.

He bums a ride on a jeep driving to town. First off, he wants to buy one of those little East Indian knick-knacks to send to his girl.

Thirty minutes later you'll see him bewildered and damp-browed. He bought a 75c ivory monkey, paid for it with a \$5 bill, and got \$7 in change.

Now he has a handful of "Trinidad dollars," issued by the "Government of Trinidad and Tobago," used in all the Lesser Antilles and British Guiana. The jeep has gone back to camp without him, so he rides out in a taxi, pays for it with a Trinidad dollar.

Solemnly the driver gives him change—three shillings, tuppence.

The doughboy's dilemma deepens when money values fluctuate. For his one American dollar, he may get anything from one to two West Indian dollars. Four U. S. dollars will buy an English pound, but that same pound will buy only \$2.20. And the more Americans stationed in the Caribbean, the less each doughboy will get for his dollar.

LET'S GET down to fundamentals. The American doughboy's big heart-break is the lack of women.

In the new bases, there are seven men to every girl. Most of these girls are British socialites, or daughters of American officers, both beyond the reach of common soldiers. And when enlisted men start coming in large

numbers, the ratio will be worse.

Enlisted men think officers get all the luck, because they get all the women. Officers are eligible for favors from the general's daughter. Officers meet the governor's nieces, just arrived from London. But when you see a young lieutenant shoe-horning himself into formal uniform when the thermometer screams 103 in the shade, the price seems too high.

All the consolation the army hands the lonely doughboy is volley ball, movies and canned beer. This isn't enough. Many soldiers are taking the situation into their own hands, are dating the coffee-skinned native girls.

The one island where there are American girls other than officers' daughters is Trinidad. About 150 stenographers, clerks and office workers are quartered in regular military barracks in Port of Spain, Trinidad's capital city.

Ask a doughboy what he thinks of these girls. "*Them?*" he exclaims. "They all came down here looking for husbands."

Actually many girls came down looking for glamour. To them, the truth was a let-down.

For one thing, there are no dry cleaning establishments, and glamour girls must do their vamping in cottons or linens. There is no cleaning fluid on the island and sheer silk dresses are thrown in with the sheets.

BUT LET'S get back to the question of our swap—50 destroyers for five Caribbean bases.

Today, Army officers in the Carib-

bean are pleased with their new boss-in-chief, Gen. Frank "Andy" Andrews. Andrews was the general whose frank statements before a House committee in 1935 about the need for Caribbean defense brought a sound scolding from the President.

His appointment shows that the United States has awakened to the tremendous importance of the Caribbean command — and to the importance of Trinidad, next to the Zone the most strategic post in the entire Command. Today, Trinidad is an "armed fortress," and if you go there you're never allowed to forget it.

Suppose you are flying in from Miami. Long before the island takes shape on the horizon, the steward seals your window. The curtains are overlapped, pinned together in the center, and pasted down with Scotch tape along the edges.

"They're not afraid of what you can see," the steward whispers. "It's what isn't there to see that's worrying them."

Since the Americans moved into the island, Port of Spain has been a boom town. Without a reservation days in advance, you won't get a room in any of the hotels. Of course, you told the customs that you would stay at the Queen's Park, Trinidad's one big hotel. But you are lucky when three hours of telephoning and waiting net you a room in a private home.



Within 12 hours, Major Wren, Chief of British Intelligence, has tracked you down to ask, "Why did you move from the address you gave the airport customs officials?"

The way to avoid another tangle with war-conscious officials is to muzzle your camera, for it is hard to avoid all subjects "connected with U. S. defense" which it is forbidden to photograph.

DESPITE OUR vigilance, there are many back doors to the U. S. bases.

The day after your pictures have been rigidly censored, an East Indian taxi driver will drive you along the edge of the base and stop wherever you like for pictures. The sites are imbedded in jungle—any energetic spy with a machete could cut through.

The answer to that is—more troops to guard the bases. But the doughboys can't move in until the Army has solved all the problems of transportation, housing, food and recreation.

Meanwhile, we are building this

ring of defense out of whole cloth. For when we swapped the ready-made destroyers for our choice of sites in the Caribbean, we picked a little of everything—jungle, beaches, hills.

And although chapter one is a drama of tears, the truth is that the destroyer deal was an A-1 horse trade, with the Yankees coming out on top.

Fifty well-aimed torpedoes will blow up 50 old destroyers, but it would take whale-sized dynamite to destroy even one of the 63,000 acres of land.

Her father was an All-American football player; her mother a sculptress, dancer and painter. In spite of all this, says Charlotte Paul, her childhood proceeded normally in her native Seattle. She was born in the middle of the first World War, speaks nostalgically of a year in Germany in the 1930's where she studied music and dancing, thereafter settling down to a major in English composition at Wellesley (class of '38).

—Suggestions for further reading:

THE CARIBBEAN SINCE 1900

by C. L. Jones \$3.35
Prentice-Hall, Inc., New York

THE CARIBBEAN DANGER ZONE

by J. Fred Rippy \$3.00
G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York



He'd Catch Up

THE famous Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra invited Anton Bruckner to conduct one of his own symphonies. Awed at the honor, quaking with stage fright, Bruckner arrived, mounted the rostrum and faced the imposing orchestra. But that was as far as his courage got

him. After some moments of embarrassing silence, Hellmesberger, the noted first violinist, made an effort to save the situation: "Let's begin, maestro." Back came Bruckner's reply, in a hoarse but audible whisper: "After you, gentlemen, after you!" —JULES SANDERSON

Fiction Feature:



ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN R. FISCHETTI

When is a defeat not a defeat? When it is a challenge, said Brown, determined to win the most unpredictable race of all

Top That

by RICHARD CONNELL

FOR THE THIRD time in five minutes the man in brown lit a cigarette, took a couple of quick puffs, then stubbed it in the waiting-room ashtray. The man in blue read a few paragraphs in a magazine, cracked a nervous knuckle and tossed the magazine aside. The opening door made them whip to attention.

"No news yet for either of you gentlemen," smiled the nurse. "But it won't be long now. Everything is going along very nicely."

She melted off down the corridor on rubber soles. The two men sat eyeing each other shyly.

"First time for you?" asked the man in brown.

The man in blue nodded.

"Same here," the man in brown said. "I hope it's a boy. How about you?"

Blue nodded absently, his eyes on the door, his mind beyond it. Brown paced to the window and stood gazing down at the khaki-green water of the East River. In the early morning sun

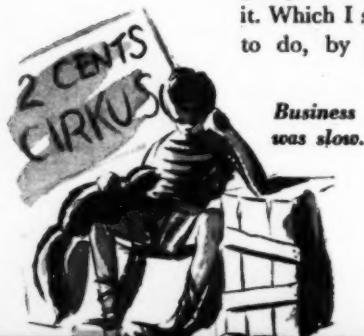
a trim yacht glistened against the drab background of the city's island prison with its rat-grey walls. Brown began to chuckle.

"You know—if my son were here beside me right now, all grown up—I'd tell him a whale of a story about that yacht out there—and that jail—and that river. It'd be a story about me, too. You see, all those things fit right into my story. The yacht, for instance. It belongs to my ghost."

He saw Blue's startled look.

"No, I'm not squiffy or screwy," Brown laughed. "The man who owns that yacht is flesh-and-blood, same as you and I. Only he's haunted me like a real spook ever since I was a kid. Made me everything I am today. Not that he meant to. As a matter of fact, I've never laid eyes on him. I almost did, once, but—well, listen . . ."

WHEN I WAS a kid of ten back in La Crosse, Wisconsin, I had a pet skunk and I wanted an air-rifle. That's twenty-six years ago, but I can still feel how hard I wanted that air-rifle. My folks weren't exactly poor—they just believed that if a boy really wanted something he ought to have the gumption to earn it. Which I set out to do, by giving



*Business
was slow.*

circuses at two cents per admission—with Malcolm, my pet skunk, as the star performer.

But business was slow. Kids didn't have the price, and grownups wouldn't go near Malcolm, even though he had been air-conditioned. It began to look as though I'd have whiskers before I made enough for the rifle. Then, one day, my chance came.

In a children's magazine, I saw an announcement of a prize contest for boys under twelve. You had to write a little essay about "My Pets." First

*I was sure-fire
for all-state.*



prize was the most magnificent air-rifle that any boy could ever dream of owning.

So I sat down and wrote an essay about Malcolm. Then I mailed it in and waited.

Every day I watched for an express-man coming up the lane with a long, narrow package. But he never came. Instead, the postman brought a dinky little package. It was a fountain pen which spilled ink all over everything. I had won second prize, they said.

First prize—that beautiful air-rifle—went to Master George Gordon Cowden, age eleven, Beaver Dam, Wisconsin, for his essay about his St. Bernard. To hear him tell it, that dog of his could do just about everything but cook.

WELL, I STEAMED on into my teens, the air-rifle completely forgotten. I hadn't made up my mind whether to go into Wall Street or the White House or play third base for the Cubs. I was pretty cocky. In high school I led my class and starred on the baseball team. According to the local papers I was sure-fire for all-state—my batting average was .414. But when the all-state team was finally picked, I was selected as substitute third baseman.

The honor of being regular third baseman went to George Gordon Cowden of Beaver Dam, who hit .422 that season. He got a gold baseball to hang on his watch chain. I got a certificate for my wall.

But I swallowed my disappointment and buckled down to prepare for the state university scholarship examinations. My average was 94.5. George Gordon Cowden had 96. I ended up at a small Eastern college.

By now I had made up my mind about a career. I'd be a diplomat, an expert on international affairs, framing treaties and other diplomats. Some old duffer of a prof put this bee in my bonnet, and I let it buzz. He



I studied for a Rhodes Scholarship.

suggested that a couple of years at Oxford would be a good thing for me and advised me to try for a Rhodes Scholarship. But that year George Gordon Cowden went to Oxford. I went into the automobile business.

FOR SOME YEARS I drank gasoline and perspired cylinder oil and showed enough stuff to rate an executive office with paneled walls and a fireplace. Our bankroll was strictly shoestring, but we were young and had enough faith in our product to think we could buck the big boys. It really was a great little job, that car of ours, and it began to bother the moguls of motordom. So they took steps—right on our face. They were very sporting about it. Invited us to "join the family." But I'd seen a merger once. We had a canary, and the neighbors a tomcat. They merged.

We pygmies gave the giants a merry scrap, though, and fought till the end. I had to take off a surly hat to the master-mind who had mapped out



their moves. In the gloom there was one ray of light. They'd need an egg to run our outfit, and I, obviously, was that egg.

So we began to talk terms, and they were juicy—when word suddenly came from the top-kick in the home office out West that he was slipping the plum to the bright boy who had engineered the *coup*; I'd lost track of George Gordon Cowden after he'd out-pointed me for the Oxford thing, and now he had jumped back into my life with both feet. I did not stay to greet him. Instead I went fishing.

Fishing always soothes me, and I was quite set up when I landed the biggest fish I'd ever caught. He weighed—well, I can't prove it.

My guide said, "Mister, you've got a mighty fine little fish there."

"What do you mean—little?"

"Well, she ain't exactly no minnow," he came back, "but you ought to of seen the baby a gent from Detroit caught here last season."

"If you tell me his name was Cowden I'll cut your throat," I cried.

"That's the party," he said. "Friend of yours?"

ONE FOUL FALL DAY a chill drizzle had panned me in my room in the shabby West Sixties. I lay on my bed wishing I had someone to nag.

Now, I'm what I call a chain-brooder. When things in front of me

look black, I turn around and what's behind me looks blacker.

Finally I grabbed my hat and slammed out into Central Park.

Nobody was in the zoo but me and the other animals. I paused in front of the hippopotamus cage and snarled at the contented creature, "Pretty soft for you!" Somebody giggled. I whipped round and saw a figure done up in one of those light green transparent raincoats with a hood. It might have been a schoolgirl, a dowager or an outsize katydid.

"What are *you* laughing at?" I demanded testily.

"Hippopotamuses always make me laugh," the figure said.

"Oh, do they?" I sneered. "Well, you look just as funny to her as she does to you." I ran a scowl over her short chassis. "Funnier," I added.

"Who are you? Her fiancé?" she snapped back.

I saw stormy blue eyes in an impudent, finishing-school face.

"No," I said, "we're just friends. I have not asked for her hand, nor do I intend to—but," I finished, loading a look of disdain and firing it at her, "I could do a lot worse."

She marched out. I dribbled over to the monkey-house. Two romantic chimps were cuddling in a corner. They did not amuse me—only made me feel unloved. I turned away and almost tripped over the girl in the green raincoat. We glared at each other.

"Sorry," I said, stiffly. "Clumsy of me."

"Very," she said.

"Closing time. All out!" called a

keeper, and shooed us forth into the dour evening. We both started west.

"I wish you'd stop following me."

"I happen to live on the West Side," I informed her.

"Oh," she said, "I thought you belonged here."

"I do," I said, bleakly.

"Well, there's a vacant cage."

"They could put me in it and it would still be vacant," I said.

She turned her hooded head and peered up at my face. It must have looked like a map of Dismal Swamp.

"You talk sunk," she remarked.

"I am."

"Girl-grief?"

"No. I'm jinxed," I told her.

"So that's your alibi?" she scoffed.

"Are you looking for a fight?"

"Yes," she said, "I need one."

"You've got one," I said.

"Good. I started out to find one."

"Me too."

"Do you do it often?" she asked.

"About once a year," I said. "Most of the time I'm fairly easy-going."

"At home I'm known as 'Sunbeam,'" she said. "Dad is too nice to battle with. So when I have a grouch I go out and walk it off. If I happen to run across somebody I don't like the looks of, the war is on."

"My case exactly," I said.

"Lucky we met."

"I doubt it."

It began to rain harder.

"Let's go somewhere and fight," I suggested.

So we went into a chop suey joint on Columbus Circle and insulted each

other for several hours. When she got unwrapped she was a little older and a lot prettier than I had at first thought. She told me she lived with and on her dad, and that she played the harp for exercise. It was nearly midnight when I walked her to her house.

"Thanks for a nice fight," she said. "When I feel another spot of meanness coming on, I'll look you up."

Just for spite I kissed her, one good, hard one, and stumped away in the rain. That was how I met Melissa.

NEXT DAY I felt chipper enough to try to make a fresh start, hex or no hex. I went to see a man who made boats and talked him into giving me a trial selling them. Salary and com-



*"I'm jinxed,"
I told her.*

mission. Mostly commission. He put me behind the canoe counter. I began to sell 'em and to get a wee bit of the old confidence back. With my first pay, I got my tails out of hock and took Melissa out to dinner. Well, after we had gone here, there and elsewhere together, and had a lot more fun than fights, we found ourselves pressing our noses against the windows of furniture stores.

Love is a great pepper-upper. I did so well with the canoes, I was promoted to the putt-putts. The boss began to hint around that he was about ready to turn the tiller over to some capable younger man—like me.

Spring came and Melissa's father had to go to the Coast to sue a man about a mine. I didn't want Melissa to go. Greedy, I guess. But she went.

I drove her out to the flying field to see her off. On the way the war started. I mean one of our private semi-annual wars. It was just one of those days. She led off with a crack about my driving and I cracked back about her new hat. By the time we got to the airport we weren't speaking. Away she flew. No goodbye kiss. Not even a farewell insult.

Four forlorn days went by. The boss sent for me and handed me an envelope, and in it I found a plane ticket to the coast, and a blank contract for the purchase of a yacht.

"Pack and get," he said. "We have a customer for the *Neredina*. He's tried her and likes her. All you have to do is hop out there."

I tried to keep calm. The *Neredina* was the old boy's masterpiece, a big

seagoing beauty with everything in it but a bowling-alley.

"Usual commission, I suppose?"

"Yes," he said, "and when you get back we're going to have a talk."

My heart danced a hornpipe.

"Who's the prospect?" I inquired.

"Young comer in the motor game," he said. "G. G. Cowden. Hey, what's the matter with you?"

MY SHIP HIT some rough weather and was an hour behind schedule. When I reached the assembly-plant, a girl told me Mr. Cowden was in conference. I waited and waited, and as I waited I wondered what he'd be like. At last out into the waiting room lumbered a fat potato who looked as if he collected chins.

"Mr. Cowden?" I said.

"Wrong number, brother," he said. "The name is Danker—of Danker and Papke, yacht-brokers."

"Yacht-brokers?" I quavered.

"That's us. Need a yacht?"

"I've got a yacht," I answered. "To sell."

"Well, brother," he said. "You got a good day for it. I just sold G.G. one, myself—the *Albatrossia*."

"Mr. Cowden will see you now," the girl said.

"He'd better not," I said, and went out into the weather.

I FOUND Melissa in the garden of her hotel. She was sitting under a palm tree and, as I tiptoed toward her, I saw she was writing a letter.

I said, softly, "Hello, darling."

She just sat there staring at me. It wasn't her angry look; but it wasn't her loving look, either.

"Please don't be mad at me any longer," I said.

She started to cry.

"Why, dearest, what's the matter?"

She handed me the letter. It was all full of tears, blots, crossed-out lines, but its meaning was clear enough. On the plane coming out she had met a man. They met over New Jersey, talked over the midwest, he proposed over the Grand Canyon, and she accepted just before the plane touched earth in California. Then followed sixteen pages of why she said "yes."

I came up dizzy, from the depths of the letter to ask:

"Who is this fascinating stranger?"

That is a pretty free translation of what I called him.

Melissa did not answer, for Melissa was not there. While I was trying to take in the stunning news, she had quietly stolen away. I forced down a few more pages. Could I ever forgive her? There was no use in arguing or pleading. I must never see her again. She was going off on a sort of engagement cruise on his yacht with his mother, her father, a long cruise—

I knew who the man was before I came to his name.

Into the hotel I ran, but Melissa had just left for the harbor. I raced down there—just in time to see the *Albatrossia* nosing out to sea.

When I got back the boss made a few pithy remarks about "results, not alibis," and I lost my job.

Foggy weeks followed. On a park bench one day I picked up an orphan newspaper and scanned the "Help Wanted—Males," but without hope; for, the way I felt, I'd be no help to anybody now or ever again. Idly I read the bankruptcies, the obituaries and the promotions in the fire department, and was wandering listlessly in the shipping news when my eye pounced on an item which said that the yacht *Albatrossia*, from Los Angeles via the Panama Canal, would dock that day at a pier on the East River.

What with missing meals and Melissa, I was weak upstairs and down or I wouldn't have done what I did.

I walked over to that pier, not having carfare, and I waited for George Gordon Cowden. My sole idea was to hit him one heartfelt sock.

The *Albatrossia* was just tying up when I got there, and I waited on the pier with a hard fist ready. Down the



"Need a yacht?"

gangplank came a striking figure, mostly chest and chin, in a yachting rig. I blocked his path.

"You've done enough to me," I growled.

He blinked at me.

"Now it's my turn," I bellowed, and swung one from way down south. My knuckles gave with a sharp pain as they cracked against his jaw. As he staggered, he smiled. I rushed in, swung and was blacked out.

The first thing I noticed when I woke up was that I had no front teeth. The second thing was a homely nurse reading a newspaper in the corner of my little white room.

"An unidentified man, evidently a tramp and probably deranged, is in city hospital, under arrest," the paper stated. "As the *Albatrossia* docked at Pier 771 he made an unprovoked assault on its captain, Patrick Gilligan. Captain Gilligan, former heavyweight champion of the U. S. Navy, knocked his assailant off the pier and into the

water, and the man would have drowned had not George Gordon Cowden, owner of the *Albatrossia*, plunged in and dragged the unconscious man to safety. Guests on the yacht were in their cabins and did not witness the scene. They included Mr. Cowden's fiancee, and so forth."

I was patched up and hauled into police-court and, when the judge asked me why I did it, I said I'd been drinking (I hadn't), that liquor always prompted me to take a poke at yachtsmen (it didn't), and that I was a trapper from Nome, Alaska, and my name was Lucifer Hex (it wasn't). He said, "Ten days on the island."

STEPS SOUNDED in the hospital corridor. The man in brown and the man in blue went tense. The steps passed the door and faded away. Brown began to talk again.

FALSE ALARM! Wish they'd hurry it up in there. Where was I? Oh, yes. In jail. Every man should be sent to jail for a couple of weeks once in his life, say in the thirties, for being behind in his thinking. I'd done a lot of *feeling* about Cowden, but I didn't really *think* about him till I found myself in the hoosegow.

My time up, they set me what they humorously called "free," but I knew, as I paced along the streets with nothing in my pockets, that I could never be free till I had laid my ghost; and now I finally knew how to do it.

I rushed in, swung—and got blacked out.



I'm going to pass along to this son of mine a couple of the bright thoughts which came to me in clink. One was that when a man hits bottom, there is only one way he can go—up. My other pearl was that when you're licked, there's only one good answer to the man who tops you—top him!

That yacht out there, now, is Cowden's yacht. I need a yacht approximately as much as a snake needs socks, but, as soon as I could afford to, I bought the *Neredina*. She's two feet longer and two tons heavier than Cowden's craft. The car I manufacture is a bit bigger than the bus Cowden makes—and cheaper. This year, I hear he's bringing out a new model with nine brand new gadgets, a longer wheelbase and a lower price tag than any other boiler in its field. Well, just wait till the public gets a load of my surprise. It has eleven new gadgets and when people hear the price they'll think I'm daffy. But I outsold Cowden last year, and I'll do it this year and next. It isn't that I hate him. The fact is I still don't know him personally, and I don't want to meet him. I just want to beat him.

Getting jittery, aren't you? So am I. But I'm not really worried. I know he'll be a fine healthy boy and I know Melissa will come through it all right. Oh yes, I married Melissa. I went straight from jail to her. There's no point in giving you all the "I said; then she said; then I said" stuff, but I must have done a pretty powerful job of love-making, for Melissa ran away with me that night. Cowden, I must say, took it like a



She ran away with me that night.

sport. A year ago he married a Pasadena deb.

Melissa's been a big help to me in my climb, a bigger help than she knows. When I won her, it was the first time I ever topped G. G. Cowden and, as I slipped the ring on her finger, and promised to love, honor and cherish her, I also promised myself that from then on, come what may, George Gordon Cowden would never top me again . . .

BROWN STOPPED abruptly, for the nurse hustled in, smiling importantly.

She addressed the man in blue.

"Congratulations! Everything is dandy. Your wife—your sons—both of them—yes—twins. They're in Nursery No. 1, if you want—"

The man in blue was a smallish man with a stoop in his shoulders and a



"Whose little boys?"

flat, wooden face. The news made him straighten up and swell visibly, and a vast, glowing grin lit up his features. He gave a couple of convulsive, ecstatic gulps and darted out of the room. The nurse turned next to the man in brown.

"I've good news for you, too," she said. "There's a lady waiting for you in Nursery No. 2."

"Lady?" said Brown, uncertainly. "My wife?"

"No. Your wife's fine and you can see her as soon as you see your daughter."

"Daughter?" repeated Brown.

"Such a sweet little six pound girl," said the nurse. "Born just a little more than a minute after Mr. Cowden's little boys."

"Whose little boys?"

"The gentleman who was here with you," she said. "Mr. Cowden."

"Not George?"

"Why, yes, sir," said the nurse, backing away from the man in brown, so strange was the look on his face.

"So he had twins, did he?"

Brown's words came low and slow.

"Yes, sir, he did," said the nurse. "Such darling boys, too. And so healthy—and big—"

"How big?" demanded Brown.

"I didn't hear the exact weights," replied the nurse, "but the doctor says we'll never see a bigger pair of boys."

"Show me where my daughter is, please," Brown said.

The nurse guided him toward the nursery. They turned one corner, then another.

"Say, nurse," said Brown, "—about what that doctor said—"

"What?"

"Tell me, nurse," said Brown. "Is he a betting man?"

Richard Connell was born in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., forty-eight years ago, a pencil in his hand. The son of a newspaper editor, Richard himself was city editor of a small town daily before he was twenty. He headed two university publications while at Harvard, graduated to a New York city daily, was writing ad copy for a large agency when World War I came along. Connell took up a bayonet, kept a firm grasp on his pencil, edited the Camp Wadsworth weekly until he was sent to France. Since he began free-lancing in fiction in 1920, his humorous stories have appeared in many leading national magazines.

Carleton Smith's Corner



A report from a strictly neutral observer on who is doing what in the realm of the very lively arts

Coronets:

• • • To *The Hills Beyond*, posthumous sketches and short stories of Thomas Wolfe, a passionate addition to that inexhaustible fund of magnificent rhetoric which is The Book: it catches at the agony of living, of not being able to get through the door . . . to John Ford for *How Green Was My Valley*: superb photography, convincing acting and out-of-this-world direction showing that men are men wherever they live.

To the lyrics and tune of *Pal Joey*, still the best on Broadway . . . to Private Ezra Stone's all-soldier company which is presenting *Three Men on a Horse*, *Brother Rat*, *Sailor Beware* and *Front Page* to theater-hungry draftees . . . to Robert Montgomery for his performance in *Here Comes Mr. Jordan*: get there for the beginning or your enjoyment will be halved.

To *My New Order* by Adolf Hitler, edited by Raoul de Roussy de Sales, "must" reading for those who think

that democracy and totalitarianism can live peacefully together . . . to short wave station WRUL, Boston, radiating hope to Europe's prisoners.

Thorns:

• • • To Leopold Stokowski for cheap tricks: planting spotlights in the orchestra to light up his hands and silhouette . . . to public school teachers who still live in the crayola age . . . to magazines for overlooking new movie faces.

To airplane companies for making strip-tease artists of their customers with forty-pound baggage limits . . . to two-bit, ruffles and bunting isolationist orations by short-sighted politicians who only confuse and paralyze us and make Sammy stand still.

No-Hams:

• • • To the Modern Museum's exhibit of contemporary primitives: sketches by ordinary citizens who could spend their time more profit-

ably than by painting . . . to Tschaikovsky's overworked piano concerto . . . to propaganda play *The Wookey*, which gets by only through the acting of Edmund Gwenn and Heather Angel . . . to the repetitious photographs of Victor Mature's torso . . . to *We Testify*: a volume of non-interventionist opinion that comes too late and on which the only possible comment is: "To what?"

Chinalogue:

• • • Red eggs instead of cigars announce the birth of a child, boy or girl . . . Family names come first . . . Since 1918 it's been against the law for Chinese women to have their feet bound . . . Brides wear red, white is for funerals . . . Chinese read from right to left . . . There are thirty-eight dialects . . . Mandarin is China's Castilian . . . Actors and actresses are considered déclassé . . . Hair on the hands, chest and legs is the sign of a barbarian . . . Monkey brains are a great delicacy.

Statistics Show:

• • • Most popular radio shows are laugh shows . . . Amos 'n' Andy have given upwards of 3,800 broadcasts, playing more than 500 characters . . . The eight top money-making movie stars are all men: Mickey Rooney, Spencer Tracy, Clark Gable, Gene Autry, Tyrone Power, James Cagney, Bing Crosby and Wallace Beery.

With a single breath Jimmy Dorsey sustains 428 notes in a cadenza on his disc *What Makes Sammy Run*

• • • Eleanor Powell averages one hundred pairs of silk stockings in each picture . . . The longest movie scene on record, four minutes and fifteen seconds, is in *Lady Be Good*. . . The bare necessities of life cost Errol Flynn \$14,595 a month or \$486.50 a day.

New York City is experiencing an influx of tourists . . . "Whom" seldom appears in a movie title . . . The number of Americans who cannot prove they were born increases 250,000 annually.

Strictly Incidental:

• • • Lewis Stone is a colonel in the Chinese army . . . On the Pacific Coast salads are served before the entree . . . Fifty years ago Anton Dvorak came to Spillville, Iowa, to live.

Orson Welles is looking for sixteen 1910 rubbers . . . Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., has spent years collecting his father's famous props: lariats, pistols, scimitars, the sword from *The Three Musketeers*, the steel rapier from *The Mark of Zorro*, etc.

Garbo wants to meet Strawinsky . . . Bob Hope and Red Skelton have been having a lawsuit to gag a gagman . . . The maids in Brighton have binoculars to watch Erich Maria Remarque sun bathe.

The U. S. Treasury is trying to put Irving Berlin's *Any Bonds Today* in the country's 300,000 juke boxes . . . Marlene Dietrich's famous legs are now publicizing cotton stockings for OPM . . . Beverly Hills has two hospitals for human beings, and actually nineteen for cats and dogs.

It's the business of this large New York firm to know all about your business—for which they are blessed and cursed—and deemed indispensable



Reputations, Inc.

by MURRAY TEIGH BLOOM

CLEVER BOYS, Davis and Rinkle. They agreed upon that when they met in a Federal penitentiary. True, they had been a little careless in the past, but all clever boys learn from experience. From now on, they agreed, more careful planning.

When they got out they managed to raise \$15,000 between them. More than enough for this job. How about Philadelphia? No. They recalled that the city was the most frequent source of credit frauds in the United States. Obviously, too much competition there. But in Chicago they found the perfect setup: the Hermes Sales Corporation, in business for years and with an excellent credit reputation.

With new names and fictitious business backgrounds the boys bought control, and the word immediately went out that Hermes was setting up a chain of general merchandise stores in the Middle West and was buying heavily to stock the stores.

Salesmen who previously had found

Hermes a tough nut to crack now came out of the office with fat, bouncing orders marked "Rush." And as fast as the merchandise was received at Hermes, it was promptly reshipped to confederates of Davis and Rinkle in other cities. There, of course, it was resold for about half its purchase price. At the end of two months the boys had received and disposed of \$500,000 worth of merchandise—all obtained on credit.

Between them they had cleared about \$250,000. Time to quit. They weren't greedy. But the next morning U. S. Post Office inspectors picked them up as they were about to board a Canadian-bound plane.

Where had they fallen down? Everything had been planned so carefully. An inspector told them.

It seems there was a young Dun & Bradstreet credit reporter who knew from a special report published by his company that general merchandise stores weren't doing so well in the

Middle West that year. Naturally he became curious as to why Hermes was going into the field. And this led him to drop a word in the right places.

In one respect this was an unusual case. Ordinarily when D&B receives a large number of inquiries about one concern—indicating an “overbuy”—an immediate investigation is launched.

One outside authority estimates that Dun & Bradstreet's well-developed scent for fraud saves American businessmen millions every year.

With a long prison term facing him, our painstaking Mr. Davis was naturally quite caustic about the dangerous, extramural curiosity displayed by D&B. “Why don't they learn to mind their own damn business?” he asked.

Replied the wise inspector: “I guess not minding their own business is their business.”

And there in one sentence is a pretty apt description of Dun & Bradstreet's business.

AS A MATTER of fact, it's been their business for a long time now—since August 1, 1841, when founder Lewis Tappan declared in the *New York Commercial Advertiser* that the purpose of his Mercantile Agency would be that of “obtaining, in a proper manner, intelligence of the responsibility of merchants visiting the market from different parts of the country to purchase goods from time to time.”

During these hundred years D&B has obtained the financial lowdown—“in a proper manner”—on tens of millions of Americans, from the Mi-

das-touched colossi rated AA-A1 (Over \$1,000,000; Credit High), to the insignificant mites of the business community assigned to the lowest rung on the economic ladder, symbolically known as M-4 (financial strength: less than \$500; Credit limited).

Helping to make possible an annual credit turnover in this country of one hundred billion dollars are 3,000 highly trained, full time Dun & Bradstreet credit reporters and 30,000 local correspondents whose identities are hush-hushed. It is their job to keep track of the 5,000 business changes that take place daily in America.

Yes, 5,000. On the average day about 1,400 new concerns hopefully enter business—1,200 close their doors—and 1,800 become better or worse credit risks. The rest are changes in firm names.

On an average American business day, normal liabilities through bankruptcy are about a million dollars, and American creditors will manage to salvage one-third of their damaged capital through liquidation proceedings. Naturally, those who have better credit information on their customers are less likely to be stuck.

The estimated 50,000 subscribers to Dun & Bradstreet pay at least \$200 a year for the service, and there are a choice few who pay as much as \$50,000 for the privilege of drawing upon D&B's careful, up-to-date, well-nigh omniscient files. All of them get the 22-pound reference books, looked upon by many a thankful credit manager as his handiest professional tool.

Six times a year the ponderous tomes—each marked “For the Confidential Use of Clients Only”—pour forth from D&B’s own vast printing plant.

Some 2,300,000 names of manufacturers, wholesalers and retailers are listed in the Big Book—each assigned to his credit niche.

Each year some 6,000,000 reports are written on those listed. The credit patrol is argus-eyed, questioning and analytical. Not for nothing has D&B earned its reputation as the largest and most accurate commercial fact-finding organization in this nation’s history.

It wasn’t always Dun & Bradstreet: for eighty-five years it was Dun *against* Bradstreet, with both firms vigorously competing against one another in supplying nationwide credit information. But early in 1933 they decided that if the nation needed a New Deal perhaps that was what credit reporting needed, too. And so they merged, much to the infinite relief of thousands of credit managers who had been supplying both organizations with extensive credit information.

Robert Graham Dun was the son of a Presbyterian minister of Ohio. He joined Lewis Tappan’s Mercantile Agency shortly after it was founded in 1841. Later Dun became the active head of the firm, making it a highly

respected international organization with offices in every part of the world.

John M. Bradstreet was originally a dry goods merchant and lawyer who opened his own credit agency in Ohio shortly after Tappan started in New York. With his two sons, Bradstreet came to New York, and his company prospered, becoming Dun’s most active competitor.

Today the president of Dun & Bradstreet is Arthur D. Whiteside, an able credit executive who was called in to head Dun’s in 1930. Almost all of the corporation’s stock is privately held.

Precious little finds its way to the open market. After all, credit reporting is a highly profitable undertaking.

WITH ITS SOLID financial foundation, D&B can afford to hand-pick its customers. Don’t get the idea that anyone by merely signing an adequate sized check can get the D&B services pronto.

To be declared eligible you must be engaged in legitimate business, and your reasons for using the service must be good ones. All of which should dispose of that favorite cartoon gag: the astute lady who checks her Dun & Brad before making dates.

But what have Dun & Bradstreet or any of the other, smaller credit agencies in the country got to do with you?

Let us assume that you don't own a store, you are not a wholesaler and you don't manufacture. Instead you are holding down a good office post or you're a happy housewife. Let's take a quick look at your own standing in the credit world.

Have you ever wondered why you have been able to open a new charge account at a department store, make a few purchases and depart with them the same day? It wasn't your honest face. A credit manager has no faith in any mystical relationship between facial physiognomy and character. But while you were shopping he communicated with a central retail credit bureau—one of 1,200 in this country and Canada—and got the dope.

Much about you and your pertinent retail credit history is contained on a master card in these files—one of fifty million such cards. On the card are facts about your annual salary, your willingness and promptness in attending to bills, your marital status, obligations and living habits. All of which takes care of you as a credit risk to the store. But that's a comparatively small part of the problem of credit.

First, the store has to get the goods on its shelves.

So now let's go on a little shopping expedition.

We are going to buy a "Honey Brown" automatic electric toaster from Bill Johnson who has the electrical appliance shop near you.

Too bad, says Bill, but he just hasn't got it in stock. It's a new kind of toaster, but he'll get it for you. Bill

calls a few distributors but they don't stock this particular toaster. So he sends an order direct to the manufacturer—a thousand miles away. Bill has never dealt with this firm before.

The credit manager of the outfit thumbs through the D&B Reference Book thoroughly. But no entry for our Bill Johnson. Of course they don't know that Bill has been in business only a few months. So the very thorough credit manager asks for a report on Bill Johnson and his shop. From D&B headquarters the inquiry is routed to the nearest branch office (there are 168 of them), or to the local correspondent if you and Bill live in a small town.

THE SMALL TOWN or rural correspondent is usually a retired businessman or a veteran lawyer. In the past he's been Abraham Lincoln, General Grant, Grover Cleveland, William McKinley and Wendell Willkie (once the credit fount in Elwood, Indiana). What they don't know about each and every business in their town and the personal habits of the businessmen is hardly worth knowing. Personal details invariably creep in, and the local correspondent's folksy, down-to-earth report on Bill Johnson might well run something like this:

Bill is single and has good sense in getting married in that he won't try it until he is at least out of debt and has a home better than the one the girl is living in at the present time; however he hasn't any girl and is never bothered along that line. Started in with a little repair shop, did

good work, too, and is now building up a very nice business in the line. He's had some hard luck but is forging ahead. Of course this is a little country town, but Bill Johnson has done mighty well and has the respect of all who know him.

If you and Bill Johnson live in a sizable city or a metropolitan area, the credit investigation will proceed along altogether different, far less personal lines—even though the end result will probably be pretty much the same.

The credit reporter who will be sent around to get the dope on friend Bill is likely to be an intelligent young man who majored in economics or accounting at college, with a strong dose of psychology. Most D&B reporters start at around \$40 a week, and many work themselves up to \$100 a week—earned by the experienced specialists.

Our young reporter may even be an incipient specialist—in retail electrical appliances and hardware, say. He drops in one morning, shows his credentials and tells Bill just what he wants. Being a modern businessman, Bill will be glad to let the reporter have a complete financial statement and is willing to discuss his stock, merchandising methods and the local competition. Meanwhile the reporter is sizing up Bill as a person; he notes the neatness of the store, or lack of it; his wandering eyes assess the fire hazards in and around the store; he weighs Bill Johnson as a "moral hazard": is he likely to have a convenient fire when things are not going so well,

or arrange an advantageous bankruptcy?

After a pleasant hour in the store, the reporter is on his way to the bank where Bill has an account. He finds out the number and size of loans Bill has outstanding, and the banker's personal opinion of him.

Now our reporter scouts around town, talking to wholesalers who supply Bill with his stock. From them he finds the highest credit they've ever extended to Bill, how much he owes them and how promptly he pays.

Next a visit to the local court records. Are there any prior liens on Bill's merchandise? Is there a judgment entered against him? Did Johnson ever forge or kite a check?

Back at the office, the reporter begins writing his report on Bill Johnson. Into it he puts his knowledge of local conditions affecting credit, such as employment, new defense projects, the buying habits of the section of the city in which Bill is situated and whether the store is well located. The fact that Bill is single, was born in Canada, is naturalized and was graduated from high school also enters the report.

The report is checked over by the reporter's supervisor and then copies of it are made by a duplicating process. In a day or so the report will be on the desk of the credit manager of the factory which makes "Honey Brown" electrical toasters. He sees that D&B has given Bill Johnson a credit rating of J-3, which means that his financial strength is set at \$2,000-\$3,000 and his credit rating is "good."

A few days later you have your "Honey Brown" toaster and, in a month, Bill Johnson will be listed in the next issue of D&B's Reference Book. He will be getting credit a whole lot easier after this.

The one word Dun & Bradstreet hates to be called is "snooper." They don't "snoop," they report a man's business biography. As long as it doesn't affect his business, a man's private life is his own, they hold.

Recently some well-known New York business lights were caught in a raid on an elaborate gambling joint off upper Fifth Avenue. They got the

jolt of their lives when fiery Mayor LaGuardia announced that the names of every man-jack of them would be turned over to Dun & Bradstreet.

Slightly too casual were the anonymous telephone callers who spoke to a Dun & Bradstreet executive the next morning:

"Er, what's all this about Dun & Brad using the names of those fellows in that little raid last night? . . . some friend of ours . . ."

"Tell your friend," said the D&B man grimly, "that if he gambles that's his business. But if gambling *affects* his business, that's our business!"



Roosevelt the Resilient

WHEN Theodore Roosevelt was in Europe, he visited a sanatorium for nervous disorders in Döbling, near Vienna, and spoke to the patients on his adventures as a rough rider.

Afterward, the director of the asylum took him through the institution and left him alone for a few minutes in his office on the sixth floor. As soon as he left, a wild-eyed man rushed in: "Are you Roosevelt?"

"Yes, I am."

"Then come quick and jump out of this window for me. I want to see if you bounce!"

He seized Roosevelt with an unbreakable grasp, and began

pushing him out the window.

Roosevelt had to think quickly. He said: "Anybody would bounce if he jumped out of a window this high up! You wait here I'll go downstairs and bounce all the way up here on my own power! That will be something!"

"Can you do that?" asked the stranger, releasing his grasp.

"Certainly," answered Roosevelt.

"All right, then," said the lunatic, "hurry down; I'll be waiting for you up here!"

This was one of the narrowest escapes the famous Teddy ever had. —L. C. TIHANY



The idea that we live two lives is as old as man.

*These well-authenticated tales from the world
of dreams raise the question, "Which is reality?"*

• • • When Maxine Fayram of Chicago was in her freshman year in high school, she dreamed of her class in general science. The instructor displayed a large multi-colored rubber ball, which he used to demonstrate a principle concerning air pressure. After the experiment was completed, he explained its significance in detail.

A few days later, Miss Fayram was surprised upon entering her general science classroom to see a multi-colored ball on the instructor's desk. He explained that it was part of an experiment which had never before been performed in a high school general science class.

When he had completed his demonstration, he asked if any member of the class could give an analysis of the principles involved. Miss Fayram without hesitation gave the description exactly as she remembered it from her dream. The instructor was

mystified, saying that as the experiment was extremely complicated and had not been previously performed, it seemed impossible that a student could give so detailed an explanation.



• • • Into the dream life of Vivian Field tramped a long line of armed men who took up battle positions outside her apartment in Vienna. She heard the chatter of machine guns, the slosh and bang of howitzers. Strangely enough, the men did not seem to be attacking fortifications, but rather an apartment house across the street.

Miss Field's dream occurred the night of February 10, 1934. All was peaceful in Vienna.

But on February 12, 1934, Engelbert Dollfuss, in the high tide of his

petty glory, ordered Viennese troops to attack the Karl Marx Apartment House, which had been barricaded by workers.

On that terrible day there was in all reality the sound of machine guns and howitzers outside Miss Field's window, while men and women, with their fingers still hooked around triggers, fell in the ruins of an apartment.



• • • Death with its usual impartiality touched the shoulder of one of two soldiers standing side by side in the battle of Shiloh. The man who lived was Dr. Warren B. Hill, of Milwaukee.

The night after the battle, he dreamed that he was endeavoring to escape from a band of assassins when his dead comrade appeared and told him not to climb a certain fence, as he would certainly be shot and advised him to hide beneath a haystack.

Twenty years after the struggle, the strain of a busy physician's life obliterated the dream from Dr. Hill's memory. But while traveling through North Dakota, he was forced to spend the night in a lonely farmhouse. The farmer and his hired man were rough and unfriendly. Hardly had the doctor fallen asleep, when he was awakened by an armed man prowling his room.

He managed to escape through a window and ran across an open field. It was bright moonlight and he could see several men pursuing him. At a rail fence he paused a moment. In

that instant he remembered his dream.

This was the fence. These were the pursuers. He glanced about, saw the haystack of his dream, and dived into it. The men passed by, and in the morning Dr. Hill escaped.



• • • Summer was soft on Paris, July 19, 1836, but the balmy night brought no pleasant dreams to Armand Carrel. He saw his mother in mourning dress and with tears in her eyes.

"For whom do you weep?" he asked. She did not reply.

"For my father?" he persisted. She shook her head.

"For my brother?" Again she made a negative gesture.

"For whom, then?"

"For you, my son," she said softly, and vanished.

On the following day Carrel wrote a column in the *National* to which a certain Emile de Girardin took offense. There were gallant words and gallant answers. Then there was a little group at dawn and the sound of two shots. When it was over, Carrel lay on the ground writhing in a death agony.

The case was carefully checked and recorded in I. Jezower's work, *Das Buch der Träume*, published in 1928.

Readers are invited to contribute to "Your Other Life." A payment of \$5 will be made for each item accepted. Address the Coronet Workshop, Coronet Magazine, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. Although they cannot be returned, all contributions will be given careful consideration.

*Student and professional work side by side at
America's most successful fashion school—
helping America take over where Paris left off*



Test Tube for Fashion

by BARBARA HEGGIE

IF, WHEN THEY made their visit to New York, the Duke and Duchess of Windsor had strolled east along 52nd Street, near the corner of Broadway, they might have been flattered to see in a shop window of an old-fashioned office building life-sized mannequins of themselves, dressed in identical dinner suits—the Duke in black trousers, orange cummerbund and white linen mess jacket, the Duchess' costume differing only in that a svelte black skirt took the place of the trousers.

The sole clue to those responsible for this graceful tribute would be the fir trees on the fifth floor terrace of the office building, which the Duke could have spotted if he craned his neck, and which the Western Union office

next door would have gladly informed him belong to the summer garden of the Traphagen School of Fashion, whose Window Display Division considers the Duke and Duchess the best-dressed couple in the world.

The dinner suits are only one of a series of "companion clothes" designed by Traphagen students. Before you know it you may be wearing them yourself, for such leaders of the clothing trade as Kallman & Morris, Brooks and Mary Stevens Playclothes, Inc., have hurried to manufacture them.

This is a typical example of why Ethel Traphagen, a dynamic woman with white hair cut in a Dutch bob, has insured her school not only an artistic but a financial success ever since she first launched it in 1923. Until then a fashion school to manufacturers was just a place where bored debutantes whiled away their time sketching fluffy nonsense.

Miss Traphagen strove to overcome

Barbara Heggie, the daughter of the actor, O. P. Heggie, bowed to tradition long enough to spend a year or two in a Hollywood dramatic school. Just long enough to discover she'd rather write than act. She went to New York and landed a job on Time magazine, later became a staff writer for the New Yorker.

this delusion by having her students design textiles and costumes exclusively for American manufactured materials. She personally trudged the rounds of the manufacturers' offices, making them promise to provide samples, and then opened, as an auxiliary of the school, a Studio Sales Department where the manufacturers' representatives could drop in to check up on the examples of student work in the files.

Today many apt Traphagen students pocket fat checks which more than cover the cost of their tuition long before their course is completed. In a good year more than \$6,000 worth of students' work has been sold.

Of those pupils who enroll with the definite intention of making Fashion their livelihood, two-thirds step right into jobs obtained for them by the free placement bureau maintained by the school. More requests are received from manufacturers for students to fill important and well-paid positions in textile designing and stylist capacities than can be filled. In this profession, Miss Traphagen likes to point out, there is always room at the top. During the Depression, while \$5,000-a-year men were going hungry for want of work, \$75-a-week designing jobs were going begging for want of designers to fill them.

FASHION, after all, is not spinach, but the foremost industry in America. Twelve billion dollars are handed out

by our dress-conscious citizens for garments and gadgets annually, while a mere ten billion goes for food. National Defense may threaten to slash our wardrobe for the years to come, but Traphagen students are ready with counter-suggestions for cloth buttons, cotton brides and a trousseau consisting of seventeen pieces, which can be run up for \$9.99.

By shopping wisely for materials, squeezing all possible use out of every left-over scrap and substituting craftsmanship for expensive furbelows, one student made a budget wardrobe any bride could be proud to wear. Besides a wedding gown of white taffeta, complete with veil, this trousseau included a going-away outfit, with traveling coat, an afternoon dress, dainty underthings and accessories, bathing suit and even a play suit.

The wedding gown, which has a removable jacket, can double as an evening dress after the ceremony is over. Even the going-away costume (unlined navy wool coat and one-piece pink rayon-linen dress) was designed with an eye to extra duty. A multi-colored rayon silk apron skirt and tie to match can be quickly adjusted over the pink dress, thus transforming it into a frock for afternoon wear.

This trousseau was chosen as the result of a competition in which both men and women students participated. A man walked off with the honors. Here is his amazing budget:



<i>Wedding gown (formal), slip and jacket</i>				
Nine-inch zipper (25c) and thread (10c).....	.35			
Nine yards taffeta (celanese at 35c).....	\$3.15			
Panties and bra (material from gown); lace (10c).....	.10	\$3.60		
<i>Wedding veil, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard veil net.....</i>		.45		
<i>Unlined wool coat</i>				
2½ yards wool at 84c.....	2.10			
Three buttons (10c) and thread (10c).....	.20	2.30		
<i>Going-away Dress:</i>				
Pink rayon linen (three yards at 29c) and thread (10c).....	.97			
(Buttons made of cloth)				
<i>Apron of printed silk, which converts sports dress into afternoon frock, three yards rayon print at 35c.....</i>		1.05		
<i>Petticoat.....</i>		.39		
<i>Bathing suit</i>				
Blue cotton (two yards at 14c) and buttons (20c).....	.48			
Jersey panties.....	.33	.81		
<i>Play suit, three yards blue cotton at 14c.....</i>		.42		
<i>Hat and three bags, one to match each costume</i>				
(Made from surplus materials)				
TOTAL.....				\$9.99

The school's costume library, second to none, has 12,000 volumes, many of them with valuable old pictures and documents. Scattered about the classrooms and galleries are chests from China, Zanzibar, Arabia, Armenia, Holland, India—more than a score of them. These were brought back by Miss Traphagen from her travels with her husband, W. R. Leigh, the well-known landscape painter, and hold a collection of native dress and jewelry worth more than \$100,000. Since she first opened her school, Miss Traphagen has taught her students to go both to history and to costumes of other countries for inspiration. She

herself, after a safari in Africa, introduced the shorts and slacks which have revolutionized the wardrobes of American women. The shorts came from the khaki outfits of colonial Englishmen; the attire of Swahili women suggested the slacks.

The Traphagen costume collection has also figured in many trade tie-ups, to the advantage of student creations. McCutcheon's, on Fifth Avenue, for example, in order to merchandise yardage, displayed both an Albanian gipsy costume borrowed from the school and Traphagen students' sketches for children's dresses, which the costume had inspired. Knox win-

windows exhibited dresses of African inspiration, designed by the students and executed by Knox, together with African jewelry from the Traphagen collection. The windows themselves were arranged by Traphagen students who are given plenty of opportunity to decorate shop windows around New York. In this way pupils can practically demonstrate their value to future employers.

IN A TOUR of the classrooms, you are repeatedly impressed by the successful bridging of the gulf between the amateur and the professional. Traphagen students earn while they learn. In the Life Class a nude model is the subject of an anatomy discussion to aid pupils in filling an order for bathing suits for the Augusta Mills, steady customers of the Traphagen school for the last ten years. In the classroom of the Department of Theatrical Display, students are creating costumes for a production of the New York School of the Theater, work for which they are regularly employed and well paid, and which affords them the pleasure of afterwards admiring their costumes on the stage.

In the Textile Studio, professionals, hired by Miss Traphagen to execute orders she has procured from manufacturers, work side by side with students in order to provide them with practical inspiration. The success of the apprenticeship method was highlighted when a student textile design recently reached the phenomenal sale of 75,000 yards.

Traphagen students design and sell

rugs, coverlets, dress and upholstery fabrics, handkerchiefs, towels, wall-papers, shower curtains and hangings, and the best examples of their work are exhibited in the reception room of the Textile Studio, for both manufacturers and visitors to admire.

The practical slant of all the courses given in the school is well illustrated by the work in the Textile Analysis classroom. There you can watch students learning the various tests by which they can later distinguish the quality of materials. A piece of challis which, to the layman, is surely wool, is touched off by a match. No! exclaims the instructor, the sample isn't wool. There was no animal odor of burning hair, and the ash it has left is soft. That is a vegetable ash and the challis is really made of spun rayon.

LISTEN AT the door of the Fashion Journalism classroom. Students are attempting to reduce their impressions of a material to a highly descriptive word or so. Silver lamé, one offers, is *feminine armour*. Eyelet embroidery, suggests another, is *inquisitive*. When these journalist students graduate they will have compiled a portfolio of original work to show their qualifications for every branch of fashion journalism from pattern pamphlets to *Vogue* copy. This will be their open sesame on their job hunt. Their articles are also published in the *Fashion Digest*, a quarterly got out by Miss Traphagen which has a 3,000 circulation among leading manufacturers and teachers, and

which plugs the creations of her students.

The first of the school's three floors is largely given over to the Clothing Construction Department, where students learn professional pattern making, draping and designing, often carrying out original models sketched by students from the Departments of Costume Design and Illustration. Miss Traphagen likes to see her students become proficient in both these fields.

At the Traphagen Pan-American Fashion Show held at the Hotel Astor last spring, one of the most brilliant pupils modeled chic lounging pajamas she had both designed and executed, and which were inspired by an original Argentinian Gaucho costume owned by the school. A new luxury rayon fabric, provided by the Duplex Fabric Corp., was used. After winning first prize in the Relaxation Clothes group, the student was offered a position through the Placement Bureau as a professional designer of evening clothes. This is the sort of thing that sends Miss Traphagen home a happy woman, and nicely demonstrates why her schooling is invaluable to those anxious to get on in the fashion world.

Traphagen students are groomed to model their creations by free posture classes, whose instructress, a former bareback rider, can still turn cart-wheels at 75. Figure defects are analyzed in the Fashion Clinic, and

advice is offered students on how to capitalize on assets and stress individuality. This, Miss Traphagen feels, not only helps them to arrange successful fashion shows of their own later on, but also improves their chances of getting and holding well-paying jobs in the future.

Traphagen students may enroll for periods of from four months to three years. In addition there are evening and Saturday classes for students in trade and a six weeks' summer course. Ideally, Miss Traphagen feels, the three-year course, training the student in as many branches of fashion work as possible, should be taken. One such student, after obtaining a job through the school bureau in a large Florida department store as a fashion illustrator for their newspaper advertising department, found herself pinch-hitting as caption writer, stylist and window display adviser. In between times, she dashed off a design for a print featuring West Palm Beach amusement centers, which sold 8,000 yards. She finished up her year with a tripled salary and an assistant—another Traphagen graduate.

WHILE ONLY five per cent of Miss Traphagen's three-hundred-odd day pupils are men, she feels that the American male is every bit as clever in the fashion field as the European couturier. Among her male graduates are some of the leaders of American



fashion. In the field of Window Display especially, some of her masculine students have shone, and no one who has walked down Fifth Avenue has failed to stop to gaze at the dramatic settings in which Tom Lee, Bonwit Teller's display director, arranges his languorous mannequins. Mr. Lee majored in Theatrical Design at the Traphagen school, and following Miss Traphagen's doctrine of tying up Fashion Display with Good Theater, has revolutionized store windows from Los Angeles to New York.

A newly inaugurated course is the Men's Fashion Illustration Class. Men's pajamas designed by Traphagen students were featured a short time ago in Weber and Heilbronner windows. Miss Traphagen plans to stress masculine fashions in the future.

At last, she feels, the day of the young American designer has dawned, and is bright with promise. With the shifting of the fashion world from Paris to New York, the designer whose job it has been to "adapt" original designs is wondering what she or he is going to do from now on. Traphagen students know. They are going right ahead, creating American designs for American customers.

—*Suggestions for further reading:*

COSTUME DESIGN AND ILLUSTRATION

by Ethel Traphagen \$4.00
John Wiley & Sons, Inc., New York

DESIGNING WOMEN

by Margaretta Byers \$2.00
Simon & Schuster, New York

HOW TO BE A FASHION DESIGNER

by Gladys Schulz \$2.00
Robert McBride, New York



The Power of Silence

A CONDUCTOR's downbeat sometimes leads to his downfall—literally. Musicians have found that, with a little planning beforehand, they can deliver a knockout blow by sitting perfectly still. This is the way it is done:

The score calls for *crescendo* . . . so far the leader has had nothing to complain about. The music approaches a climax, and the maestro, every fibre of his being concentrated on the passage, gives a terrific downbeat —to be met with absolute si-

lence. Whereupon the luckless conductor will fall flat on his face.

Guy Lombardo likens the sensation to a knockout punch on the chin, while Will Osborne says it has the effect of a total paralysis so that he is unable to do anything except follow his baton right to the floor.

It is said that if the joke is worked during an up-beat the result is the same except that the victim will come down hard in a sitting position.

—**ROI OSBORNE**

Bookette:



• • • *A condensation from the new, novel-like story of pathology—by Dr. William McKee German, the most exciting man in the field*

• • • *An Introduction by Paul de Kruif:* "Twenty-five years ago Bill German and I were cubs in the world of medical science together. After the war our paths parted. I wrote about scientific adventures, Bill lived them. He became that rarest of all medical birds—a clinical pathologist—a 'doctor's doctor.' In this book he tells the true story of his work. It is incessantly exciting—a series of detective romances that would delight—by their horror, mystery, bloody tragedy and sometimes happy endings—even such a connoisseur as Alexander Woollcott."



Doctors Anonymous

IT IS Wednesday morning in the pathological laboratory of a busy metropolitan hospital. The patients have been rolled back from the operating rooms to their beds to sleep off the anesthetic. The surgeons' job is done—and mine begins.

Lifting the gauze from some receptacles, I find five appendices, eight pairs of tonsils, enlarged thyroids from three goiter operations. It is my job to report just why and how these organs were giving trouble or perhaps that the real cause of trouble was somewhere else. The surgeon answers his problem with cold steel. The pathologist with his microscope checks the surgeon carefully with cold, plain facts.

"There is one that still gets me down, Doctor," says Miss Morrissey, my chief technician, pushing a re-

ceptacle toward me, "an eye staring at me from a pan."

I put the eye into a bottle of formaldehyde to harden so that it can be cut later for microscopic examination. I suppose it would be a weird gesture to most of the people, who don't know what a pathologist does. If so, they would find plenty of weird business to follow.

I reach for an appendix. Appendices are rarely interesting, but during the course of a year I usually discover about a dozen cases of pinworm and an occasional case of unsuspected cancer. If I come across too many normal ones I tell the surgeon about it.

An interne pokes his head through the laboratory door. "Doctor Blaine wants you in Room 7, Doctor."

"Right with you."

There is always drama in the call

by Dr. W. M. German

for a biopsy—a quick, microscopic diagnosis while the patient is still on the operating table. Examination may change the course of the operation.

Dr. Blaine speaks thickly through his mask, "Something queer here. Feel."

A nurse slips me a mask, gown and gloves. Two internes are holding the incision open with retractors. Throughout the abdomen and pelvis my gloved fingers come upon an enormous number of tiny nodules. More than I have ever seen in one woman in twenty years of experience. "TB?" asks the surgeon anxiously.

I shake my head. "From the feel, I should say cancer is more likely."

"Remove a nodule," I say, stepping back from the table. Back in the laboratory I study the cell pattern, which resembles a beautiful intricate disc of Sarrancolin marble. I see at once that I am not looking at the cancer picture—the handsome and sinister picture of blue lace-like strands and blue dots on a pink ground. And yet I see something unusual in the architecture of cell arrangement. I hurry back to the operating room to announce, "Endometriosis."

I see relief in the surgeon's eyes. Endometriosis is a condition caused by a strange and whimsical scattering of specks of uterine tissue throughout the abdominal cavity of a woman. During the menstrual period these specks act just as they would if in their rightful place: they fill with

blood. Cut off from a normal outlet, however, they are slow to empty and become cysts. It was the cysts, not the appendix, which caused the woman's pain. And luckily there is no cancer.

This biopsy which I have just described is of course not the usual method of tissue examination. When there is no emergency, the longer, routine method of tissue preparation allows for leisurely study and long-range diagnosis.

TWO MORE specimens arrive from the operating room. One is an enormous ovarian tumor, so large that I can't resist weighing it at once: eleven pounds! The young woman who carried it must have been considerably out of shape.

I slit the membrane and it collapses, but I find another cyst inside.

The second cyst is about three inches in diameter. As I cut into it the knife slides through the buttery matter entangled with, of all things, hair. Running water discloses that the hair is long and dark brown, and that it is growing from a small knob.

"A dermoid?" The eager inquiry comes from my technician. She has never seen one of these dermoid cysts—so called because they are an aggregation of skin structures frequently containing hair, sweat glands, and related tissues. They seem to arise from some curious accident of sex-cell growth—cells with the potentiality of producing a complete individual.

As I dissect today's specimen, I find

Doctors Anonymous

what appears to be bits of bone. Under the strong light this proves to be seven perfectly developed teeth, attached to a rudimentary jaw. I always hope that under the microscope I may discover some clue to what went wrong in the woman's ovary to start this incipient personality growing. Or perhaps I shall find evidence of some accident in the usually perfect and complicated structure of the sex cell that has begun to produce an included twin without being fertilized.

Besides the usual run of examinations, I had an interesting puzzle case brought to the bacteriological laboratory this morning. It was a sample of chest fluid from a patient of Dr. Arnold's. The patient was a woman of seventy. Six months ago she complained to her family physician that her left foot and lower leg were swollen. The doctor chided her. She was too old to worry about a neatly turned ankle and since she felt no pain, why worry? She didn't for six months. Then she went to Dr. Arnold and sheepishly told him that she was short of breath.

The cells from the chest fluid were stained in blues and pinks. As I peered through the microscope, I saw again the awful and beautiful pattern of great blue cells, in clusters like rosettes, outlined in pale blue against a pink ground, with deep blue centers whose very weight seemed to twist the cells into irregular forms.

"It's cancer, all right," I exclaimed aloud. "Cancer of the left ovary."

It is not astonishing that the cause of a swollen foot should be an ovarian cancer and that the diagnosis should come not from the ovary but from fluid in the chest. Cancer cells are great travelers, and no matter where he finds them, a competent pathologist can frequently identify their point of origin.

So the puzzle over the old lady's swollen foot is solved. But it is solved too late. Had the first doctor found it six months ago, at the first warning of the swollen foot, he might have saved her. Now she is doomed.

Fortunately the doctor who chided the woman about worrying over a swollen ankle is not typical, but unfortunately he does exemplify the fact that too many doctors have too little experience with cancer; that although they see only two or three cases a year, they do not avail themselves often enough of modern means of scientific diagnosis. That is why I keep shouting at the resident staff at the hospital: "Never take anything for granted."



Chemistry Finds

the Answers: Readers of mystery stories and newspaper accounts of murder trials know that a toxicologist is the man who takes the witness stand to testify to the exact amount of cyanide the dead man swallowed with his cereal on the morning of April 14.

Early in my career, I had two experiences in practical toxicology, but

by Dr. W. M. German

only one of them reached a medico-legal stage (where murder by poison is suspected). One night, while interning in an Ann Arbor hospital, I was hurriedly summoned to my fraternity house. Two neophytes had apparently been poisoned during an initiation. Instead of the intended castor oil, they had been given croton oil, a violent cathartic, of which one-half to one drop is a full dose. The boys had taken enough to physic a herd of elephants, and had the poisonous dose not been promptly removed, they would have died.

My introduction to medico-legal toxicology came through the notorious Peck or Waite Case. Arthur Waite, young dentist from Michigan who returned after several years in South Africa to marry Miss Clara Louise Peck, daughter of a Grand Rapids drug millionaire, evidently decided that it would be quicker to achieve wealth through inheritance than by practicing dentistry. The bride's mother, visiting the Waites in New York, died quite suddenly of what the attending physician called "kidney disease." Shortly afterward the bereaved millionaire, John E. Peck, visited his daughter and son-in-law and he, too, fell ill and died. Friends of the family sent an anonymous telegram to police in Michigan, where the body was to be cremated, suggesting that an autopsy be performed. It was at this point that I came into the case.

A few days after I had received my

appointment in toxicology in the laboratory of Dr. Victor C. Vaughan, Dean of the Medical School, a messenger arrived with a large wooden box. Packed inside it were several glass jars containing a stomach and its contents, a large piece of liver and portions of various other organs.

Careful analyses showed that enough arsenic had been absorbed to cause death. It was tragic irony that Dr. Waite, a Michigan alumnus, should have been condemned to death on the basis of tests made at his alma mater, even though the murders were committed in New York City. He went to the electric chair in May, 1917, after the court of appeals and the lunacy commission rejected his attorneys' pleas.



The Pathologist

Sees Cancer: The cause of cancer is still anybody's guess, but the nature and processes of cancer are distinctly the pathologist's province. While the average doctor may see only two or three cancer cases a year, the pathologist sees the cases of all the doctors on his hospital staff and may study the cases of many other pathologists as well.

The pathologist, furthermore, sees cancer from a completely different viewpoint. Through his microscope he can see the cell community plunder, propagate, and prosper. He knows the habits and appearance of each member so intimately that even

Doctors Anonymous

if one travels to a distant region of the body, he can spot it and name its birthplace.

To see the criminal disorder in cell behavior that we call cancer, come with me, in your role of Alice Through the Microscope, into the duct of a breast. The duct is like a tunnel built of ordinary, upright, cubical cells. Then, further down the line, you note that something out of the ordinary has happened. The tube is almost blocked with cells. Instead of being in regular, even rows, they are piled in crazy heaps, some misshapen, some huge, seeming to grow and multiply before our eyes. Some revolutionary stimulus has destroyed their social behavior, started them growing without rhyme, reason or order.

At this stage, the cancer is a small local growth and can effectively be removed by the surgeon's knife—although unfortunately it rarely gives sign of its presence in this stage. Eventually the expanding mass of multiplying cells bulges out through the protective barrier of connective tissue and is arrested in the labyrinth of nearby lymph glands. Here they establish themselves to colonize. From this relay station, the process of migration is repeated, the unruly cells going still elsewhere to continue their riotous growth. Once the migration of cancer cells gets well under way, no amount of surgery, however heroic, can be expected to produce a cure.

However, recent discoveries by biochemists working with coal-tar deriva-

tives offer the most exciting of all possibilities. One of the hydrocarbons, a compound, has been found to have extremely potent properties, capable of producing cancer. Biologists have found that they can easily grow cancers in rabbits and other animals with this irritant, and yet with an almost identical compound, they get no results at all.

The fact that the mere position, not even the composition, of a single molecule, can render terrible a harmless compound, opens up vast possibilities to discovering the cause of cancer in some accident of body chemistry.

Another avenue that chemistry is exploring in its effort to discover just how and why a slight change in molecular pattern may make the difference between life and death, is that of the sex hormones—the specific compounds that are made and secreted internally by the testis in the male and the ovary in the female.

I mention this fact in discussing cancer because esterin, the female sex hormone, has a powerful stimulating action on tissue growth. And abnormal, uncontrolled tissue growth, as I have pointed out is cancer. Esterin stimulates *normal* tissue growth in the uterus, its mucous membranes and the breasts. When you compare its chemical formula with that of the coal-tar cancer producer, you will again note definite points of similarity—sufficient to warrant speculation as to whether some *quirk* of body chem-

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istry might not be turning a normal secretion into a cancerous element.

Only recently I saw a case of teratoma—"monster" of the testis. A young man of twenty-two was operated for a tumor which I found in the laboratory to contain skin structures, cartilage, muscle, bone and, in addition, tissues identical with structures derived from the placenta in the female. Six months later the youth came back to the hospital to die of secondary growths in the lungs.

In contrast, we will take the case of someone I will call Miss Minnie Moore. She was in good health and had abundant energy and a brilliant mind. But she realized that every day she was becoming more and more masculine. Her voice was becoming so decidedly deep and coarse that, although she had always been suspiciously "mannish," her working companions now stared at her. And when they stared, they could not help noticing that she had recently shaved. She had to shave—daily.

A tumor mass was found and removed in the region of the left ovary. In the laboratory I found Minnie's ovarian tumor to be composed of many tubules of the sort found in the male testicle. She had probably had the tumor for years, perhaps before she emerged from her mother's uterus, but it had obviously been growing rapidly within the last few months. It had been elaborating its male secretion, and it was this which had so strikingly altered both her body and personality.

My curiosity led me to follow her case. In a year she was dramatically changed. Though her larynx remained a little large, her voice was not unpleasing and feminine and, wonder of wonders, her breasts had begun to develop and small pads of fat had come to her hips. In a word, she had at last become a woman.



Microbes in

Armor: A general hospital today sees much less tuberculosis than in previous years. Thus the tuberculosis we do see is usually unsuspected and offers difficult problems in diagnosis — definitely problems for the factual diagnosis of the laboratory and not guesswork based on external symptoms.

Let me give you the example of V. M., a young man of twenty-two who was brought to the hospital with a severe headache, dizzy spells and fever. His illness had begun without warning, and he had no previous serious maladies. His neck was stiff, however, and his family doctor suspected meningitis. The doctor's diagnosis was correct as far as it went, but meningitis means merely inflammation of the three membranes which invest the brain and spinal cord and is of many types, caused by different micro-organisms.

Within a few minutes the laboratory was busy looking for the guilty organism. The tube containing the spinal fluid was whirled in a centri-

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fuge at thousands of revolutions per minute. A drop of the concentrated material was spread upon a glass slide and tried. The hot, carbolic-acid reinforced dyes revealed the invader: slender, rod-shaped organisms, red on a field of green—the tubercle bacilli.

In this particular case, an X-ray of the chest failed to show any evidence of tuberculosis before the diagnosis came from the laboratory.

There are times at which an over-confident or inexperienced doctor diagnoses tuberculosis as some other disease. A typical case of this kind is that of a gray-haired carpenter who came to the hospital, scheduled to have his right hand amputated. The entire back of the hand was being slowly destroyed by an angry, evil-smelling, ulcerating mass which showed borders progressing toward the fingers and the wrist. Over a period of months the margins spread, the top of the mass becoming ulcerated—despite the ointments prescribed by three different doctors, none of whom attempted to make a diagnosis.

The fourth doctor did make a diagnosis—by guesswork. Not being laboratory-minded, he decided on his own that the carpenter was suffering from skin cancer and sent him to a surgeon to have his hand amputated.

The surgeon, luckily, was a careful, conscientious man. We both agreed that we should depend upon the microscope for a decision. Eighteen hours later I was able to give the first factual

diagnosis that had been attempted on the case. Microscopic sections showed typical tuberculosis, complicated by secondary infection, as many ulcerating masses are. But it was not cancer, and amputation was not necessary. Judicious treatment by X-rays and ultra-violet light cured the hand completely, and the scar tissue formed in the healing process does not hamper the carpenter at his work.

THE PREVALENCE of pneumonia is still unchanged today, but the fatal outcome of the disease has been reduced almost incredibly as a result of the specific treatment our laboratories have devised. The decrease is amazing. I haven't autopsied a pneumococcus pneumonia victim in months.

Strangely enough, among the few fatal cases of pneumonia which did come to my autopsy table are some which were not caused by pneumococci. Usually we say, "New diseases, new remedies;" but in this case the opposite is true. Lipoid pneumonia, a chronic inflammation of the lungs which has appeared in the last few years, is a case of "New remedies, new disease." This new form of pneumonia is caused by oil—mineral oil taken regularly over a period of time for constipation, oil from a nose spray or throat atomizer, even cod-liver oil taken by mouth in its liquid form.

A short time ago I saw a case of lipoid pneumonia early enough to head it off before it reached the autopsy table. A specimen of sputum

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had been sent to the laboratory for analysis, and the microscope revealed the tell-tale oil droplets within the scavenger cells that the patient had coughed up. Deprived of all mineral oil the patient recovered.



The Pathologist

Sees Syphilis: Someone once compared syphilis to an iceberg because it was nine-tenths below the surface. Weeks,

months, even years may intervene between the disappearance of the first lesion, often forgotten, and the second stage. Then the secondary symptoms—fever, loss of appetite, muscular pains, etc. usually disappear, again lulling the victim into a false sense of security. The third stage may not appear until many years later. The symptoms of the third stage depend exclusively upon the region attacked, and I have seen the most astute doctors badly fooled. I have seen extensive surgery done when a Kahn or Wassermann test would have yielded the correct diagnosis, and the apparent surgical condition would have been righted by modern anti-syphilitic treatment.

One case that fooled a doctor into diagnosing either gastric ulcer or cancer of the stomach was that of a farmer's widow, a woman of forty, who complained that no food would stay in her stomach.

The doctor gave his patient excellent advice—as far as it went. He sent

her to the hospital for X-rays, and on the basis of the findings, ordered an operation. I did not see the patient, but the tissue from the surgery came to the laboratory in the routine way. Through the microscope, I identified that villain of many faces. I advised a Kahn test, which came out four plus.

If the Kahn test had been done first, before the X-rays and surgery, it is possible that anti-syphilitic treatment might have been sufficient. Possibly not; at this late stage there was an abundance of dense scar tissue which may have failed to resolve. But it was worth a trial.

It seems incredible that many good physicians still object when a hospital proposes to make a routine syphilis test on every patient admitted. I constantly run across physicians who are more anxious about their patient's reputation than about unearthing a possible unsuspected infection. A four-plus result on a man's chart, they say, might wreck his life. They are so enslaved by the old idea of shame and secrecy attached to the disease that they prefer to risk paresis or tabes to social ostracism.

The ridiculous emptiness of this hypocrisy was strikingly demonstrated to me in the amusing case of an elderly maiden lady, with the refined manners and bearing of a dowager, who came to consult her doctor about a small lump under the skin of her left forearm. When I bluntly suggested a Kahn test, he protested. He was not going to insult a woman so obviously

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gently bred and, just as obviously, wealthy. I insisted on the Kahn test. It came back positive—and the gentle doctor was shocked. He was in for a still greater shock. Confronted with the diagnosis, the woman smiled gently. "I fear I neglected to give you a very important fact in my history," she said. "For years I ran a very successful sporting house downtown."

ONE OF THE strongest arguments in favor of taking blood tests with no more fuss than taking a patient's temperature is that it is practically impossible to get accurate information of syphilis from the patient himself. The patient is always able and willing to state definitely whether he has had mumps or measles, but a doctor usually is wary about taking his word about syphilis. Instead of "No history of venereal disease" on a patient's chart, the entry commonly reads: "Denies venereal disease."

And the patient's denial may be made in good faith. A woman particularly may never know that she has had a primary lesion, and the second stage sometimes passes with no more warning than a sore throat or a rheumatic pain. The disease of course may be acquired in other ways than sexually. Congenitally, the disease may be passed from mother to child before birth. Innocent infection may also come through kissing, infected utensils, dirty razors, towels. Surgeons and dentists sometimes are infected by syphilitic patients.

One of our internes had such an experience a few years ago. He was on emergency service in January, when a police ambulance brought a girl and a man to the receiving room. They had been hurt in an automobile accident. The man was bleeding from severe lacerations of the face and scalp, and he needed a few stitches. The interne pulled on his rubber gloves and was halfway through sewing up the scalp when the needle broke, nipping the back of his hand through the glove. He felt the prick, but it scarcely drew blood. He took a new needle, finished the job, then quickly peeled off his glove and scrubbed.

One morning in April he felt too miserable to go to work, yet not sick enough to go to bed. By night he had a fever, and a spotty rash on his chest, abdomen and thighs. Next day a dermatologist looked at his rash and immediately sent a blood sample to the laboratory. The Kahn test was positive.

Immediately the frightened young doctor thought back to all the possible sources of infection. He remembered, then, the jab of the needle. Luckily the hospital had made a routine blood test on the accident victim with the scalp wound; the man was indeed a syphilitic.

The knowledge was little comfort to the interne, who was just about to finish his unremunerative period of training. It meant that in addition to the lean years of starting practice, he

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had a long period of treatment and frequent blood tests before him—another long delay before he could consider marriage. As far as I know, he has followed through. He certainly knows the mistake of assuming he is cured after a few shots in the arm. Any doctor sees too many patients who made the same mistake—to end on the autopsy table.



Born to Live: The earliest test of all in the many which have been devised for the care of pregnant women is the Friedman test, which determines whether or not gestation has actually begun. This is one of the great discoveries of the last twenty years and has undoubtedly saved the lives of many women whom ectopic pregnancy, bad hearts or tuberculosis might condemn to death were not their condition discovered in time.

The Friedman test itself is very simple. It is based on the fact that the moment a woman becomes pregnant her pituitary gland begins elaborating a hormone in such quantities that it has the power to induce premature ovulation in a virgin female rabbit. The hormone-laden urine of the woman is injected into the ear vein of the rabbit. In two days the rabbit is opened up. If its ovaries are enlarged and contain blood clots, the woman is indeed pregnant. If the ovaries are unchanged, she will be able to banish immediately her worry—or her hope.

When I was still an interne I was introduced to my first case of imaginary pregnancy. I had never seen a woman whose wish for a child was so strong that her body actually assumed every symptom of true pregnancy—stopping of menstruation, morning sickness, swelling of the abdomen, everything but the beat of the fetal heart, although the patient will swear that she feels movement. I remember seeing this woman stretched out on a table, her abdomen distended in what appeared to be the typical curvature of pregnancy. Then, as an anesthetic was administered, to my gulping amazement I saw the noble bulge flatten completely.

Laboratory medicine figures prominently in many cases in which confinement intensifies or brings to a head diseased conditions which otherwise might have remained dormant. Diabetic mothers, for instance, frequently had babies which died a few minutes, or at most a few hours, after birth.

Mrs. B. B. was a diabetic and at the age of thirty-eight she became pregnant for the second time. She had a good obstetrician who knew she had diabetes, although he left its control in the hands of a specialist in internal medicine. The obstetrician had asked a well-known pediatrician to be on hand for the delivery, which was uneventful. The baby was made to breathe, but after half an hour it responded sluggishly to stimuli. The pediatrician immediately drew blood

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from the large vein in the infant's skull and sent it upstairs to the laboratory for a blood-sugar estimation. The colorimeter read only 55—the danger signal for approaching disaster. By this time the baby was comatose.

The pediatrician injected pure glucose into the vein. The response was miraculous. The baby stirred back to life and was soon crying lustily. The pediatrician then began feeding the baby pure glucose solution by mouth with a medicine dropper. This feeding was continued as a supplement to breast feeding, and the baby from that time on made perfectly normal progress.

In the case of cancer, it is the mother rather than the child who is imperiled by pregnancy. When a woman with cancer becomes pregnant she is definitely putting her life in great danger and the value of the baby's life must be balanced against that of the woman's.

A case in question was that of Mrs. M. W., who had a cancer of the thigh bone. The leg was amputated in an effort to cure her, but three months later there was a recurrence of the growth at the point of amputation. And she was now pregnant. She was doomed. Nothing could save her.

Her family wanted badly to have a living child, so the race began. From week to week the tumor on the stump could be seen to grow. More and more lumps developed in her lungs. When the eighth month arrived it became evident that Mrs. W. couldn't last

much longer. After consultation between the family, the attending physician and several specialists, it was decided that Mrs. W. should have a Caesarean operation if a living baby was to be expected. She agreed with the family. She knew that she was failing too rapidly to deliver the baby herself.

It was a heroic operation. The Caesarean was done under local anesthetic, since the mother's condition would not permit a general. The baby was delivered from the uterus through an incision in the abdominal wall. The child was alive, and although it was not a full-term baby, it got on beautifully in an incubator.

The mother died three days later after hemorrhage from the lungs.

It is general knowledge, I think, that a woman with tuberculosis should avoid childbearing, as the strain of pregnancy is liable to accentuate the disease in the mother, depending on the type and state of the lesion.

I hope all this has not given too depressing a picture of childbearing. I repeat that it is concerned with the ten per cent or less of hospital pregnancies which need the intervention of the pathologist. And the intervention, thanks to the advance of science, is yearly making maternity safer and happier for both mother and child.

Even if the patient brings her own germs with her, the laboratory is at hand to seek them out and fight them, to analyze the blood salts and body fluids, and correct deficiencies.

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But Why Did

They Die? The woman's grief-stunned eyes stared across the brightly lighted waiting room of the hospital as she repeated over and over: "No, no! He's had enough done to him. I won't have you cut up my boy."

"You have two other children," said the resident. "It might be terribly important to them. I have an idea it may affect their lives."

The woman's eyes widened slightly. She began to understand. It took the resident only a few minutes more to get her consent.

The results of the autopsy proved that the resident had the requisites of a first-rate doctor: keen observation, thoroughness and scientific curiosity. During the week of the boy's fatal illness, he had been in close association with the family and had studied the meningitis in relation to two traits of the supposedly healthy relatives. He was suspicious of the father's cough and the older brother's listlessness. The autopsy showed his suspicions well founded. The boy had died of tuberculosis meningitis.

The father's sputum was found to contain active tubercle bacilli. Since he was a source of infection his elder son was also examined and there was an early tuberculosis lesion in his chest. The boy was at once sent to a sanitarium, and his sister will have to be carefully watched.

Every time the human body is

opened, another almost imperceptible beam of light is shed upon the great mystery of life and death.

I may as well admit at once that the low rate of autopsies is not due entirely to prejudice on the part of the layman. The doctors, too, are to blame. A poll which I took among clinical pathologists gives a fairly accurate idea not only of the actual number of autopsies performed in the United States, but of the astounding indifference of most staff doctors toward them. The general practitioner, as a rule, seems to be endowed with much too little scientific curiosity.

I must say it takes courage and humility for a doctor to face the autopsy of his own patient. The stark truth as laid bare by the prosector's knife spares no embarrassment, is impartial in its occasional condemnation. The autopsy may reveal mistakes in technique and judgment to a large audience of physicians, internes, and even nurses. Yet the sincere doctor eagerly invites this check of his skill and diagnosis. The surgeon, confronted with a split-second decision in the operation room, will want to know if his hurried, fateful judgment was wrong, or whether death was unavoidable. Often, as I operate on the dead, I see a surgeon visualizing his own operative procedure, sometimes with a face that tells of a lesson learned.

I once saw a man who was not a casual guesser thrown into a state of genuine terror, bordering on collapse, by an autopsy which he himself had

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requested. The man was a well-known surgeon who seldom lost a case. He had such confidence in his own skill, that when a patient of his died with mysterious suddenness after the removal of a diseased kidney, the surgeon was the first to ask for the post-mortem examination. He was sure the autopsy would show that something other than the operation was responsible for the patient's demise—and he was in for a ghastly shock. The examination did show that the surgeon had done an expert job of removing the diseased kidney—but it also showed that the kidney was the only one the patient had! By some freak he was born with a single kidney.

In spite of the widespread reluctance on the part of bereaved relatives to give permission for an autopsy, very rarely is superstition, sentiment or instinctive horror strong enough to block autopsy if the result may bring money from an insurance company. And the insurance company, on the other hand, always insists on autopsies where there is any doubt as to the cause of death. They pay off on facts, not guesses.



Your Money's

Worth: The man who laughs at his wife for choosing an automobile on the basis of color, upholstery and chromium gadgets regardless of what the car has under the hood is the very man who buys his medical services on the same

basis. He probably knows that the hospital has become the medical center of the community, because certain essential services and expensive machines, which no single doctor could afford, are here available on a community basis. He does not know, however, how the hospital administrator and board of trustees are allotting hospital funds for special services, whether or not they are skimping on the kind of medical service that he wants to buy. He accepts all this on faith in his own physician, who once practiced good or bad medicine according to his own capacity, but who today is dependent upon many men, many sciences, and many machines. He may not realize that the medical service he will receive in the hospital is no longer determined by the skill of an individual doctor; that if good laboratory service is not available in the hospital he enters, he is not getting the full advantages of modern medicine.

While it is almost incredible that a doctor could be so completely egocentric as to refuse to make use of the co-operative facilities of the hospital, I know there are such men. One case, in which the surgeon's ego was nothing short of criminal, passed through my laboratory in the course of daily routine. A woman's breast had been removed, and I was examining the tissue the day following the operation. I was shocked to find under the microscope, the unmistakable pattern of a vicious cancer—shocked because the

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surgeon's diagnosis had been harmless tumor; because, despite my continual warnings to the staff that suspected cancer is as much my work as the surgeon's, the patient had been closed up without nearly enough of the cancerous tissue removed.

When I sent my microscopic diagnosis to the surgeon, I sent a sharp rebuke along with it. I pointed out that while his own diagnosis had been mistaken, his patient's cancer was small and that proper surgery and X-rays would still give her a chance of recovery. I waited, but nothing happened. A week later I heard that the patient had left the hospital. I did not hear of her re-entry, nor did the surgeon ever approach me. He may have taken her to another hospital, or he may have left her to go her own way to certain and lingering death—for by the time she realized that her "benign tumor" was getting worse again, nothing more could be done about it.

Beyond sending an accurate diagnosis to the surgeon, there was nothing more I could do in this case, even though the woman's life was at stake.

Medical ethics forbids a pathologist or any other doctor intruding himself or his opinions into a case except at the specific request of the patient or the attending physician. Internes sometimes call my attention to cases of this kind—internes, growing up with the new medicine, are not handicapped by the outworn traditions of individualism which keep so many

older doctors from scientific co-operation. Yet I am powerless to interfere in these cases, unless I am asked to; not even for my best friend could I deliberately offer a diagnosis that was not requested. The right of the patient to "free choice" of a doctor—the basis of organized medicine's chief objection to any form of socialized medicine—does not extend to the pathologist or any other of the anonymous specialists who stand behind the surgeon and the clinician.

IT IS PERHAPS too much to expect, for another generation at least, that people might choose a hospital because of the fame of the radiologist, the excellence of its laboratories, or the competence of its pathologist. But ultimately patients are going to be able to differentiate between good services and bad. It is a matter of education, not interest. I have already seen the signs.

A patient came to see me, curious to know about laboratory medicine and how a pathologist worked. "I'm supposed to be educated," she said, "yet apparently I don't know the first thing about choosing a hospital properly. How should I go about it?"

Hers was a difficult question to answer, yet it was certainly pertinent.

There is no rigid rule of thumb I could give her; the best I could do was to outline general principles. I suggested that the Directory of Medical Specialists might help. This directory, which is available at most

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public libraries, lists doctors who have qualified, through training, examinations, and experience, for "American Board" certificates in their several specialties. Therefore if you find a pathologist listed in the directory of specialists as being certified by the American Board of Pathology, you may be reasonably sure that he is capable of making a correct scientific diagnosis. And if you live in a large city with many hospitals, you have only to determine those with pathologists who have American Board rating.

In a smaller town, the process is more difficult. If the city has at least one hospital of from 150 to 200 beds, or two hospitals of a hundred beds each, it should be able to support a laboratory and a pathologist. The directory of specialists referred to above will tell you if this is so.

In smaller towns, if the hospital is progressive and the doctors conscientious, it will make arrangements to have all tissue removed by surgeons examined personally by a qualified pathologist from a larger city near by. This is something for the prospective patient to find out, for although the arrangement is not ideal, it does provide an accurate diagnostic check. As for the small hospital without laboratory, or without competent supervision of its laboratory, my only advice would be: "Enter at your own risk."

Modern medicine is like a tree. The trunk and branches that tower majestically above the ground suggest clinical medicine. The supporting roots that spread invisibly below are the sciences of the laboratory. But they are all integral parts of the same living, growing thing.

Statement of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the Acts of Congress of August 24, 1912 and March 3, 1933, of CORONET, published monthly at Chicago, Illinois, for October 1, 1941, State of Illinois, County of Cook. Before me, a duly authorized notary in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Alfred Smart, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of CORONET, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, true statement of the facts concerning the aforesaid publication, to-wit: The date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, is demanded by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, to-wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business manager are: Publisher, David A. Smart; Editors, Bernard Geis and Oscar Dystel; Managing Editor, Arnold Gingrich; Business Manager, Alfred Smart, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.; Edgar G. Richards Trust, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Florence Richards Trust, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Alfred Smart, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; David A. Smart, 919 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; John Smart Trust, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Louis Smart Trust, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Mary Smart Trust, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Sue Smart Trust, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Abe D. Elden Trust, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Joan Elden Trust, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Richard Elden Trust, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Vera Elden Trust, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Helen Mary Rowe Gingrich Trust, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders, but also the names of the officers of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholders or security holders are partnerships, the names of the partners, or in cases of other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 8th day of October, 1941. Alfred Smart, Business Manager (SEAL) Mabel S. Obenchain. (My commission expires February 24, 1945.)

Features You Won't Want to Miss in the
February Coronet—out January 25th

Looking Forward to February

MEN ARE LOUSY BOSSES! by Helen Furnas

Lend an ear, you swivel-chair loungers, you mumblers and mutterers, you wolves in chalk-striped clothing! At last the lowly secretary has her say—and it's a bitter pill she serves up for masculine mastication. Men will growl; women chortle; and Coronet will get letters. It's that kind of article!

NERVE CENTER OF OUR AIRPOWER by Kent Sagendorph

About seven miles east of Dayton, Ohio, stands America's prime enigma—Wright Field. Here, under lock and key, the airplanes of tomorrow are born, the craft of today purchased and tested. Kent Sagendorph unscrambles this madhouse of America's airpower with his usual finesse.

New Fiction Feature: RENDEZVOUS WITH TREASON by Frederick Nebel

Ray Marlin had one little matter to take care of before he could be in his own eyes the hero which front pages proclaimed him. A story as exciting, as colorful, as moving as a five-star-final—and just as timely!

New Bookette:

PUBLICITY IS BROCCOLI by Constance Hope



An explanation of why you can't eat cheesecake —by one of the ringleaders of those partners in crime and crying—the publicity agents. Intimate, gay, witty, Miss Hope does a really bang-up job of publicizing, of all things—publicity!

In addition: Frank Brock exposes the one racket in the world wherein the public does the gypping; Murray Bloom writes about *Semi-Lunatics at Large*; B. B. Tolnai has some *Good News on Infantile Paralysis*; plus a frameable reproduction of Gilbert Stuart's famous *George Washington* and Part Two of Coronet's Streamlined Novel.

New Picture Story: CHINA FIGHTS BACK! by Madame Chiang Kai-shek

Can the Japanese conquer China? Here is the answer of the woman who should best know—told in narrative form with each incident emphasized by vivid action photographs—selected from 1,000 of the best shots ever made in China!

Watch for the February Coronet—on sale January 25th

Coronet vs Inflation

We hasten to comment on *Everyman vs. Inflation* (page 57), lest someone remark that "What this country does *not* need is someone telling us how to spend money—that comes natural to us."

Actually, of course, the article doesn't attempt to do this at all. What it does do very well, however, is point out a few short cuts toward *protecting* our money. Which is something we feel America *does* need!

As an example, we're almost over-anxious to cite our own experience.

It's a pretty well known fact these days that Coronet's circulation has been booming—the most obvious proof is that you now see the magazine almost everywhere you go.

Yes, Coronet is making money these days—and practically every cent goes right back into improving the magazine!

And that's borrowing a page right out of Mr. Davis' notebook. Begin investing at home, he advises, and you will make a major investment for your future. It's worked wonders for us.

The more we have added to the book, the more readers have liked it—and there are now *more readers*, too.

For over a year we've been adding—improving—building at a great rate. And becoming more and more firmly entrenched for the future.

As Mr. Davis says, it may not be as profitable immediately as, say, taking a flyer on the market. But it's a lot more sensible in the long run.

We hope it works as well for you!

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The Coronet Workshop

RESULTS OF BALLOTTING ON PROJECT #14

Following is the result of balloting on Project No. 14 (The Gallup Report):

- a.** Should the Gallup Report be continued monthly in Coronet?—28%
- b.** Should it be included only on scattered occasions?—36%
- c.** Should it be discontinued altogether?—36%

Not only did the majority oppose continuation of Dr. Gallup's report as a monthly feature in Coronet—but throughout the poll, there was a feeling this question should be asked:

"What is a well-known, syndicated newspaper feature doing in a monthly magazine of general appeal?"

WINNERS OF THE AWARDS FOR PROJECT #14

For the best letters on Project No. 14, first prize has been awarded to Robert M. Brice, Charleston, South Carolina; second prize to Mrs. Marge Catron, San Diego, California, and third prize to George H. Witte, Norwood, Ohio.

Project #18

OUTSTANDING ARTICLE OF 1941

Throughout the past year, Coronet editors have tried to bring you lively, informative and entertaining articles on a wide variety of subjects. But of course there were some you liked better than others—perhaps there are a few you still remember. Now, at the start of the New Year—time for resolutions and lists of the "ten best"—we'd like to find out from you the answer to this question:

In Your Opinion, What Was Coronet's Outstanding Article for 1941?

No doubt there will be a different answer for every person—but to the one who writes the best reasons for his choice there will go a check for \$25. Second prize will be \$15; third, \$5. Entries must be postmarked no later than January 25th and sent to Coronet Workshop, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago.

Manuscripts, photographs and other materials submitted for publication should be addressed to CORONET, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, and must be accompanied by postage or by provision for payment of carrying charges if their return is desired in the event of non-purchase. No responsibility will be assumed for loss or damage of unsolicited materials submitted. Subscribers' notices of change of address must be received one month before they are to take effect. Both old and new addresses should be given.



Oscar Schisgall (p. 25)



Charlotte Paul (p. 127)



Keith Ayling (p. 117)



George H. Gallup (p. 62)

Between These Covers

... Dr. George Gallup, originator of the Gallup Poll, needs no introduction since calling the last election on the nose . . . Miss Charlotte Paul, who has put her Wellesley education to work for a Chicago tabloid, writes at first-hand about the Caribbean. She's just returned . . . *The Story of a Fighter Pilot* brought U. S. fame to Keith Ayling, English journalist, one of the few qualified to handle this subject . . . Oscar Schisgall is a human writing-machine. Score to date: 13 books, 1500 articles, several movies. His scenario, *I Married a Nazi*, aroused at least one fiery senatorial rebuke.

